

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Janice Hutton Somers

Michigan State College

It's a Fact



► Vancouver Drug Problem

More than 70 per cent of crimes committed in Vancouver, British Columbia, can be traced to the flourishing drug traffic, according to reports to a special session of the city council. Between 1,500 and 4,000 addicts are in the city.

► Kansas Alcoholics

Liquor has been legal in Kansas for only six years, but the state has at least 21,000 chronic alcoholics, estimates Lewis Andrews, director of the Kansas Commission on Alcoholism. Almost 90 per cent of these are men, two thirds of them married.

► Holiday Frenzy

Knowing that the public has taken a fancy to odd-shaped and glittering bottles, the distilling industry during the last year's holiday season, with an astuteness born of severe competition, introduced numerous dazzling gift bottles and cartons to help push holiday sales to the \$2,000,000,000 mark, about one fourth of the total annual sales. Special emphasis was placed on bottles with a dual purpose: to hold the liquor sold in them, and then when emptied to serve for a variety of other things, from cocktail shakers to coffee-table legs.

► Ambitious Goal

"The present total consumption of liquor in America is twenty gallons per capita," declares Dr. Harold R. Husted of Plainfield, New Jersey. "The goal of the brewers and distillers is sixty gallons. To accomplish this goal, they are spending \$250,000,000 a year in advertising."

► Expensive Cleanup

More than \$500,000 a year is the cost to the Virginia State Highway Department to clean up the beer cans, liquor bottles, and trash thrown from passing cars.

► California Wines

The wine industry in California has mushroomed into a \$500,000,000 business, providing 90 per cent of America's production. Nearly 500,000 acres are devoted to the raising of wine grapes, from which 100,000,000 gallons of wine are made each year. It is claimed that wine provides income for 100,000 California families. Of course this doesn't include all the law-enforcement officers, doctors, garages, and courts needed to care for the results.

► Toast in Apple Juice

Commendation is due Mayor Charlotte Whitton of Ottawa, Canada, for leading her city Board of Control to approve unanimously a ban on alcoholic beverages at the civic luncheon given in honor of visiting Queen Mother Elizabeth. The toast was in apple juice.

► Good Example!

Harvard University banned alcoholic beverages at football games and declared that "obvious violators" would be stopped at the stadium gates.

► Philadelphia's Problem

At least 88,000 chronic problem drinkers live in Philadelphia and immediate nearby suburbs, says George H. Gibbs of the state's Division of Alcoholic Studies. Nearly 18,000 are in the "late stages," and more than 28,000 in "early stages."

Under the direction of Dr. Sully Charles Marcel Ledermann of the French National Institute of Demographic Study in Paris, a special study has been made on how "the alcohol risk alone" with alcoholics but nonsmokers combines with "the tobacco risk alone" with smokers but non-alcoholics, into a complex "alcohol-tobacco risk" for alcoholic smokers. Here are the results:

Drinking—a Factor in Lung Cancer

If, for example—

a nondrinking smoker runs five times more risk of developing lung cancer than does a nondrinker or a nonsmoker,

and

a nonsmoking drinker runs five times more risk of developing lung cancer than does a nondrinker or a nonsmoker,

then

a smoking drinker runs twenty-five times the same risk!

APRIL to
JUNE, 1955
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OUR COVER

Friends and acquaintances of Janice Hutton Somers know her as "a genuine little Christian girl," unaffected by the numerous awards and nationwide honors bestowed on her. *Listen's* cover study, taken at Janice's sorority house, is by Freeman Studios in Berrien Springs, Michigan.

INTRODUCING . . .

IVA LEE KINNE (page 18), a native of the Wolverine State, was born at Lansing and is now a senior at the Adelphian Academy located in Holly. Her ambitions, beyond further college education at Berrien Springs, lie in a career of social work.

When *Listen's* Michigan feature writer, Warren Johns, received his editor's suggestion about featuring Janice Hutton Somers, queen of the Big Ten, he invited Iva Lee to assist by interviewing Janice for story background. To Iva Lee, 18, with a developing interest in reporting and writing, the assignment constituted a high light in her incipient literary career.

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Men Wanted

I would like to write over the door of every workshop and every business house in the land,

"Men wanted."

I would place on the wall of every schoolroom, college, court of justice, and legislative hall,

"Men wanted."

I would wreath in ivy and gold over every fireplace, altar, and pulpit in the land, "Men wanted."

I would engrave it on the mountainside, have it reflected in every shimmering wave, and waft it on the breezes of heaven, "Men wanted."

I would teach the merry brooklets to sing it, the lakes to chant it; I would seize the finger of lightning and write in letters of fire across our darkened sky, "Men wanted."

I would gather the thunder's roll, the cataract's roar, and the cannon's boom and echo from ocean to ocean, "Men wanted."

I would unite all the voices of men, and the pleadings of women, and the forces of nature to send one sublime appeal to heaven, "Great and infinite God, at the midpoint of the twentieth century, give us men, clean men, pure men, courageous men, men who dare to do right because it is right!"



DEVANEY

—Newton N. Riddell.

WE GIVE honor to the founders and early settlers of this nation of ours, the men and women who left their homes, came across the sea, and endured many hardships in a country where they had to carve out their own destiny. All this required a particular kind of courage. They were nonconformists, willing to stand up for the ideals and principles in which they believed. They were in search of religious freedom, freedom to worship as they pleased. Today we owe this freedom, as also we owe the other freedoms of our nation, to these men and women, these nonconformists, who came to settle and build America.

In considering our current problems, we need to think of these pioneer forefathers, and remember that we still have room in America for nonconformists who dare to stand up for principles and ideals.

When they came to this country they settled, built their homes, their churches, and their schools. Then, later, they moved west, settled, and built their homes, their

Keeping America Strong

churches, and their schools. This pattern wove its way all across our country. Through this pattern the great educational system of the nation has been developed and has served as a unifying influence and means of perpetuating the wonderful heritage of America. In the public school, children come together to learn the lessons of democracy, the lessons of freedom, the lessons of brotherhood.

We who believe in America, who believe in its freedoms, who want to repel all evil forces threatening it, have a responsibility to keep these three basic institutions strong—the home, the church, and the school. These institutions are like a tripod. If one leg is taken off, the tripod will not stand; we need all three. We need all three in America, in the world.

As we look at the job we have to do in education, we discern the responsibility of building each human being

The most distinguished woman educator in America, Pearl Anderson Wanamaker, began her teaching career in a one-room country schoolhouse. Having taught high school and served as county and state superintendent of schools, she was elected to the Washington State House of Representatives and then as State Senator.

In 1946 she was sent to Japan as a member of the Educational Mission. That same year she became adviser to UNESCO in Paris, and still is a member of the United States National Commission for UNESCO.

The mother of three children, Mrs. Wanamaker has always been interested in youth problems. At the present she is a vice-president of the National Commission on Children and Youth, second vice-president of the American Council on Education, and past president of the National Education Association. In 1947 she received the Achievement Award from the Women's National Press Club; and in 1949, the American Education Award.

PEARL A. WANAMAKER

Superintendent of Public Instruction
State of Washington



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into a contributing individual, a person sound and healthy in mind and body. I say this because if we build that kind of person, sound in mind and body, with a spiritual ideal, we will not fail. The aggressive totalitarian countries built "something" into the individual, but that something was not for the sake of the individual—they submerged human personality to the mandate of the government. The subjects were to do as the state told them, regardless of religious principle, moral principle, or concern for the individual.

Because, however, America is built on respect for the individual human being, it is important that we do everything we can to make that person a complete personality, one that can withstand temptation, one that can move ahead and make necessary decisions based on reason and intelligence, one that will be ruled not by emotion, but by principles. We know that the job we do day

Memo

TO LIVING

B. COURSIN BLACK

LIFE is never reducible to certainty, nor living to safe security. Growth implies change; progress involves danger. Every day, every hour, we face new conditions. A plan may succeed or fail; we may meet good fortune or bad.

It is normal and right to plan, to map our goals, to make every effort to achieve material objectives. In fact, much of the happiness we know is found in trying, in the pursuit of happiness rather than in its attainment; for happiness itself is an elusive creature, dependent not on the things one has but upon the spirit in which he lives. So long as there is a dream ahead, so long will every day be an adventure.

But we must always know that attainment itself is not the actual objective. We may fail. That is of no consequence in itself. We have had the fun of the effort; we have gained the knowledge that attends every undertaking. We make a fresh start with enthusiasm, hope, confidence.

Nor must we hold others responsible. A friend writes me: "I have learned that what I once thought was people acting toward me, is really only my own reaction to them." We do not govern what they do; we govern only whether we permit them to affect us. Anger, hurt, dismay—these are but products of our own minds when they accept the words or actions of others. The secret places of our hearts must remain inviolate, untouchable; they must be under our own control.

Each day is an exciting page of the book of life. If we knew the contents of the next chapter, the zest would be gone. Let's live today eagerly, for it is not events themselves, but our own thoughts, that determine what we experience as the script unfolds.

in and day out in the classroom is important. Combined with it must be the spiritual values that young people learn in the home and in the church.

I need not emphasize the record of the young people in World War I, in World War II, and in the more recent conflicts in which our nation has been engaged. The record stands for itself, that record of young men and young women who have been willing to stand and to die for the principles in which they believe. Every one of those individuals constituted a sacred human personality, and this fact adds to our responsibility to help the present generation of youth to become fully contributing citizens to preserve this great heritage that you and I have so long enjoyed.

What about our children today? There are those who say, "Oh, my, they are pretty bad. They have lost their sense of values, their sense of direction. It doesn't mean much to them to live in America." That is what some of the critics say. To test the values and attitudes of our young people, Cornell University conducted a series of studies over a four-year period. When the first study was completed, the critics were confounded to discover that the students in this particular group were idealistic, solidly committed to democratic values, and firm in their religious beliefs.

Another study of 5,000 boys in military service again confounded the critics. These young men were taking their military service in stride, as an obligation to their country, putting this duty above personal considerations.

A third study by the Cornell group, concerning the values held by young people and their attitudes toward various college courses, showed that many, many students place great importance on the problems of world and community and regard courses in civic education as the most essential ones they have.

These surveys have important implications. Here are idealistic young people, with religious principles, sincere about their commitment to America. They need an education which makes them realize that this commitment is in responsibility, and that in responsibility they must have the full use of their faculties if they are going to make reasonable and sensible decisions.

In a sense the problem of alcohol education is basically the problem of all education, which is the development of character that will make these young people responsible American citizens who will contribute to building the peace of the world.

We need to take constructive attitudes on these issues. In our state, for instance, we have legislators who cut out from the budget a constructive recreational program, a program that builds youngsters, and then on the other hand would spend \$200,000 on a site for an institution for juvenile delinquents.

Men and women must think this problem through and do something constructive, rather than merely say, "We oughtn't to have juvenile delinquency." Some of our newspapers, instead of publishing all the names, the pictures, and the experiences of children—in this way glorifying them when they get into trouble—are publicizing constructive activities of these young people.

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In Mexico marijuana is called, in the vernacular, "loco weed," with good reason. Many smokers of it are definitely loco, or crazy, while under the drug's influence.

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In the thirteenth century the original assassins re-

Daniel Carlsen With Barbara Doyle



DANIEL CARLSEN, born in Puerto Rico of Danish and Spanish parents and orphaned at the age of three, was adopted by a woman doctor in the U.S. Public Health Service and brought to the United States.

His foster mother was on the staff of the hospital in Saint Joseph, Missouri, where Danny also decided to become a doctor.

One day he developed an abscessed eardrum, and morphine was administered to ease the pain. Soon thereafter he began to steal the drug from the hospital dispensary because he liked the way it made him feel.

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Marijuana

THE ASSASSIN FLOWER

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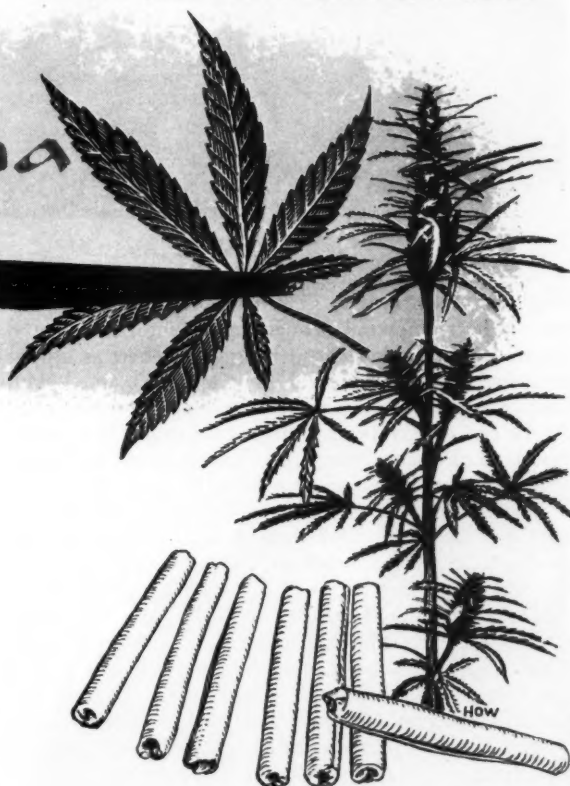
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SECOND QUARTER



For centuries the hemp plant has grown wild and has been cultivated commercially throughout the world. In Eastern countries it has been smoked in pipes and has been eaten.

The variety of marijuana that we know was introduced into the United States in 1846 purely for medicinal and commercial purposes. Within thirty years it was discarded by the medical profession for more useful drugs. By this time, though, its intoxicating properties had been rumored, and a few people began smoking it for "pleasure."

After 1900, smoking marijuana cigarettes in Mexico increased in popularity and gradually crossed the border into the United States.

Until the Marijuana Act of 1937 was put into effect in this country, marijuana was used to make rope, twine, and certain grades of paper and cloth. The seed of the flower was mixed with birdseed, supposedly to stimulate birds to sing more vivaciously. From the seed, oil was extracted for manufacturing soap, linoleum, and oil for use in paints.

This weed often thrives unnoticed in our midst, growing wild or cultivated illegally. It can be raised in any one of the states, but is not so potent as that coming from Mexico. If it is cultivated in the North, it is not so strong as it is when grown in the Southern areas.



City workers pull marijuana weeds from a vacant lot in Astoria, near New York City.

More marijuana being destroyed with poison spray in Long Island City, New York.

N. Y. DAILY NEWS PHOTOS

When the marijuana plant is mature, it reaches a height of from three to sixteen feet, usually four to six feet. It has compound palmate leaves with from five to eleven leaflets or lobes, usually seven. There is always an uneven number of leaves. The leaflets, pointed, with sawlike edges, are dark green blending into pale green. At the end of each branch there is a flower which, when mature, looks like a cluster of yellowish, green seeds; and at the top of the plant is a much larger single flower.

The green plant is sticky to the touch and covered with fine, almost invisible, hair; it smells somewhat like green parsley. When it is dried and smoked in cigarettes, the odor is similar to that of any burning green weeds.

Those who congregate at a "tea" party to smoke marijuana will take great pains to disguise the odor, which clings to clothing, draperies, and upholstery. For this reason incense is often burned. After the party the smokers open all windows and blow sweet-smelling powder around the room to rid it of the peculiar scent of marijuana.

The growing plant is sometimes camouflaged by being cultivated in fields of corn or other tall plants, such as sunflowers. If one is familiar with its distinctive odor and is passing a field where it is hidden from view, he will immediately recognize an odor not quite like any other in the world. When it grows, it seems almost as though the plant throws out fumes, just as its product throws out its insidious lure of false pleasure.

After being dried, the top leaves are stripped from their stems and coarsely crushed. Operating in furtive haste, the "manicurist" of the plant often fails to take out all the seeds of the pod, or flower. If any seeds or bits of stems are carelessly left in the mixture, the person smoking it will develop a violent headache.

The mixture is rolled in two thin papers to keep the cigarette burning slowly. Papers are sometimes white, sometimes brown, and the reefer is generally thinner in diameter than is an ordinary cigarette made of tobacco.

In sparsely populated sections of Mexico, where fear of detection does not necessitate secrecy, the usable parts of the plants are chopped off and hung to dry, with the flower hanging down. It is never hung out of doors for the sun's rays to reach and parch.

Testifying to the fact that marijuana has not been stamped out in the United States is the appropriation of large quantities of it by investigating officers from time

to time. In 1936 alone 386 tons of marijuana plants, bulk and finished products, were seized and destroyed in this country. As alerted law-enforcement agents continue to ferret out the toxic weed, the probability of its being cultivated lessens. But reefers continue to put in an appearance.

At a public hearing on narcotics in 1951, Attorney General Nathaniel Goldstein of New York reported that "in four summer months [of that year] the Sanitation Department destroyed about 40,000 pounds of marijuana growing in lots of four out of the five boroughs of New York City. This amount could be made into 41,000,000 cigarettes, valued by dope peddlers at \$20,000,000."

Smokers carefully save the butt, or "roach," because it becomes stronger as it shortens. A crotch is formed from a split match, bobby pin, or pair of tweezers to hold the butt so that the last possible drag can be taken. The small amount left is often saved, and, after enough is accumulated, is rerolled into new reefers.

Regarding marijuana and (Turn to page 34.)

The "PLUS" Way of Life

Judge BOLITHA J. LAWS

Chief Judge, United States District Court
Washington, D.C.

As Told to Morrey Dunie

Reporter, Washington "Post" and "Times-Herald"

THERE is no question, of course, but that a great many crimes flow from the use of alcohol. Many of the defendants in our courts give drinking as the excuse for their crimes, particularly crimes of violence. And they think that is a complete excuse for their offenses against society.

However, the criminal who blames drink for his troubles many times would be better off if he had found another excuse. As a matter of fact, the use of alcohol can be an aggravating circumstance, and I may emphasize drunkenness as an adverse fact when I sentence the defendant.

The metropolitan police blotters in Washington, D.C., record more than 30,000 arrests for drunkenness each year. Hundreds upon hundreds of these men and women are "repeaters," with individual police records dating back twelve years or more and consisting of scores of entries for drunkenness. Alcohol is a major factor in the capital's crimes of violence—its assaults, rapes, robberies, and slayings—and statistics indicate that a frequent type of homicide is that which follows in the wake of a drunken brawl.

The accused parade to our courthouse in a seemingly never-ending stream. Often their courage is falsely bolstered by alcohol. The charges are the same every day: assault with a dangerous weapon, armed robbery, false pretenses, housebreaking, assault with intent to rape, assault on a police officer, grand larceny, murder. And driving while drunk, although an offense not handled in our court, should be pointed out as a serious menace.

Preaching to these unfortunates and then jailing them does not cure the problem. It is foolish and naïve to believe that prison sentences alone will be the solution. In some instances persons have been convicted of drunkenness more than fifty times; imprisonment was no real solution in their cases.

We must deal with these people on a psychological basis. Drinking is often a matter of attempted escape from the realities of life. If we can show a man that nothing is gained by escaping with alcohol, a substantial advance toward curing him has been made.

The problem of alcoholism and crime should not be left until an offense against society is committed. This is tantamount to closing the barn door after the horse has run away.

The situation must be met before it develops. In other words, I believe there is an obligation on the part of those of us in the home and in the church to make known the evils of drinking to our youngsters, to warn them of the heartbreak and suffering stemming from alcoholism.

We should build up a way of life which emphasizes what I call the PLUS things of life, the things which are

Washington, D.C., our mushrooming capital of contrasts, is a city where cocktail parties sometimes seem a way of life, where hundreds of liquor stores, taverns, cafés, and bars spew forth tremendous amounts of alcoholic beverages. Yet, because it has a handful of liquor control laws despised by the drinking fraternity, the city is derided as "an overgrown hick town."

The contrasts of our nation's capital often are seen in its courts, particularly the basic United States District Court for the District of Columbia. This bar of justice is totally unlike any other Federal court in the United States, for not only are the vastly important cases involving the Government handled in the massive concrete courthouse at the foot of Capitol Hill, but in its paneled courtrooms men and women daily are tried for criminal offenses ranging from embezzlement to murder. Also to its judges falls the unpleasant task of deciding hundreds—indeed, thousands—of divorce and domestic relations cases.

Presiding over District Court and its complex mixture of crime, Government, and family affairs is a chief judge with the appropriate name of Bolitha J. Laws.

A handsome, gray-thatched man of sixty-three, Judge Laws is a bundle of fast-moving energy who works incessantly at improving justice in Washington, whether it be in the trial of a man who murdered while in an alcoholic frenzy or pleading and cajoling with Congress for a new courthouse—which was completed two years ago.

Since joining the Federal judiciary in 1938, Judge Laws has dispensed justice tempered with the mercy and common sense of an outstanding Christian layman, with the patience and wisdom of a man who has taught an adult Bible class for twenty-two years, with the legal knowledge of an eminently successful attorney. It was inevitable that Judge Laws, with such a background, should develop a deep and serious interest in the role played by alcohol in the never-ending drama of the courtroom.



HARRY GOODWIN

creative and productive and which we may enjoy in our idle time, for it is during these hours of relaxation that we get into trouble.

However, our responsibility as citizens does not end with establishment of the PLUS program. We must try to rehabilitate the men and women who have paid their debts to society by serving time in prison.

We must provide and utilize social institutions where the former criminal can make friends upon his release from jail. It is immediately after he is freed that this person needs our help in the development of bona fide social contacts in church groups and other organizations.

We must encourage the establishment of the sponsor system, to give recently released prison inmates the vital feeling that someone is interested in them.

Here is one vivid example of how a man was saved from alcoholism by the joint efforts of many men:

Mr. Jones—this is not his real name, of course—was an outstanding member of my Bible class, had an excellent position, and for the most part was a good citizen. But once every two or three years he got drunk. On one such occasion he was arrested by the police. He was in grave danger of losing everything he had gained in life.

When several other

(Turn to page 31.)

Ask the Man Who Sells It

Max Rice as told to Hugh Lee

Max Rice is president of Blair Mills, Belton, South Carolina, and a trustee of Furman University at Greenville.

There must be *something* good in the liquor business! This conviction came to me when I found out not long ago that between 60,000,000 and 70,000,000 Americans drink, and that they spend nearly \$10,000,000,000 a year in doing it.

The liquor industry, therefore, is really big business. The use of its product would surely bring good results in some way.

I decided to make a search, as fair a one as possible; so I went to see those who sell liquor. Who would know better? If I want some good reasons for buying a washing machine, I ask the man who sells washing machines.

I left town and sneaked into some retail liquor stores in a nearby city.

"Would you mind giving me some information?" I asked the dealer in the first store I came to.

"No; go right ahead."

"I want you to give me one good reason why a man should drink whisky."

"I don't drink it myself," came the reply, "and I can't tell you."

"I merely wanted to get straight information, and I thought the best source would be a liquor dealer."

"You will have to ask your doctor."

To the second liquor dealer I put the same question. "Well, I'll just tell you. Anybody is better off without it. I don't know of any good."

When I questioned the third dealer, he replied, "Most people I sell to say they drink socially. That is the only way I drink it. I'm disgusted with the drunk."

"You say you drink socially?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell me, where is it good to drink socially?"

"That I just can't tell you," he said passively.

Believing I had visited enough liquor stores and being thirsty, I openly walked into a place where, for six cents, I was served the best and most refreshing drink on earth—orange juice. The girls who served me knew plenty of good reasons for drinking orange juice.

To continue my efforts to find the answer to my query,

I wrote four letters to as many big liquor manufacturers, addressing the letters to the president: "For information we kindly ask that you give three reasons why whisky is good for a man, generally known in his community as a liquor drinker?" Three answered, as follows:

1. "Your letter has been referred to this department for reply. However, a reply to your request is a rather difficult matter. We are not sure that we understand exactly what you are trying to learn.

"Instead of attempting a specific reply we are taking the liberty of referring you to the book entitled *Alcohol, Science, and Society* published by the *Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcohol*, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut. This book covers the subject indicated by its title rather thoroughly, and since your letter indicates a general interest in the subject, we can recommend it to you as well worth your time."

2. "We are by no means an authority on this subject, and feel quite sure that your medical practitioner can advise you best. There is an old saying, however, to the effect that 'all good things are good in moderation.'"

3. "Alcohol is a food. One ounce of alcohol has about 200 calories. One drink of 100-proof whisky containing 50 per cent alcohol results in taking 100 calories into the body. It is a food that requires no period of digestion, because it passes almost immediately into the blood stream and is readily converted into energy, therefore, is a medicine if used in moderation."

The latter didn't mention, in contrast, that one ordinary doughnut contains 350 calories; one cup of whole milk, 170 calories; and one chocolate bar with nuts, 400 calories; and that none of these have the danger of producing a destructive addiction, as alcohol does.

Is it not the *moderate* drinker, rather than the drunkard, whose example is powerful for evil? I have written many recommendations for men, but one has never yet requested that I state that he is a capable liquor drinker.

I conclude that, if this is all the recommendation that the sellers and makers of liquor can give me for their product, it certainly is not enough to induce me to want it.

Carol Morris

MISS IOWA

Interview by Phyllis Somerville

"I do not go in for what some people consider necessities for beauty. Good health and good looks go together. Intoxicating beverages and tobacco have no place in a person's life."



FRED HESS & SON

"The most thrilling experience of my life," sparkling, blue-eyed, and brunette Carol Morris says of her trip to Atlantic City for the Miss America Pageant, where she as Miss Iowa competed for the coveted crown.

Besides playing the violin, which she played in the talent section of the contest, she also plays the piano, saxophone, and cornet. She is majoring in violin and minoring in piano at Drake University, where she has received a music scholarship. She plans to teach music and athletics in high school.

"I like to swim," she says enthusiastically. She has learned to do "synchronized" swimming, making only light movements with fingers and toes, so that there is not a ripple in the water as she swims.

Carol also enjoys cooking and baking.

Linda Weisbrod

MISS DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Interview by Ralph Krum

"Personally I do not drink or smoke. If I had smoked during the five years of my vocal training I would never have maintained my breath control, which is so essential for good singing.

"Drinking is not a good habit. Many people drink merely because they are under social pressure.

"I don't think people should become dependent upon these harmful practices to give them a lift in life."



RENI PHOTOS



FRED HESS & SON

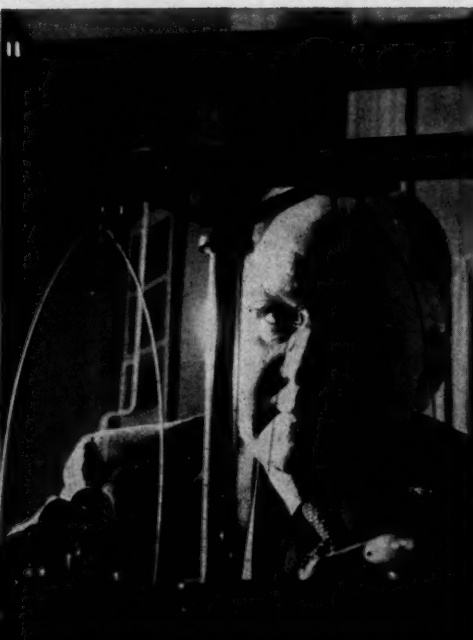
New York now claims the talented, vivacious Linda Weisbrod as she studies under voice coach Rosalie Miller and music critic Deems Taylor for a career in opera and on the concert stage.

Last September, Linda's voice won for her a \$1,000 scholarship from the Miss America Foundation when she became a finalist in the pageant talent contest.

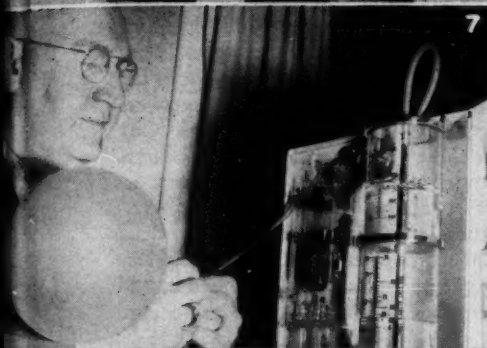
Not limited to beauty and talent alone, Linda's abilities seem also to lie in shunning that which would only tend to endanger her continued success in life.



When Is a Driver Too Drunk?



1. Key to operation of the Drunkometer is the balloon which helps determine the alcohol content of the blood by measuring the alcohol in the breath. William Stephenson, of the Stephenson Corporation, manufacturer of the Drunkometer, Red Bank, New Jersey, demonstrates how it operates.
2. Plainfield, New Jersey, police chase a motorist, who has run through a stop sign and is weaving across the road.
3. Stopped by the police, the driver presents his license, but exhibits suspicious symptoms to the officers.
4. Walking in a straight line is the preliminary drunkenness test.
5. The suspected drinking driver is next brought to the police surgeon for an instrument test.
6. All the suspect has to do is to blow up the balloon, and the Drunkometer will do the rest. The portable instrument rests on the cabinet in the police surgeon's office.
7. As Police Surgeon Willis Day applies the balloon to the Drunkometer, the alcoholic breath passes through the instrument and changes the color of the potassium permanganate and sulphuric acid from purple to amber.
8. If only a little breath is required for this change, the balloon contains much alcohol, and so does the driver. Readings giving the percentage of alcohol in the blood are made from the gasometer (at right), a calibrated water column.
9. The suspect tries to pick up coins from the floor, one of the corroborative tests in determining drunkenness. However, the Drunkometer is the conclusive proof.
10. The police surgeon takes the blood pressure of the driver. Additional tests for drunkenness are made because in the middle zone, from .05 per cent to .15 per cent, some drivers may appear to be drunk and others may not.
11. Each use of the Drunkometer expands an ampule of acid mixture, which is weighed on delicate scales to determine the change in weight after the balloon has been applied. This is to determine the alcohol content.
12. When it is proved that the subject was under the influence of alcohol, he is booked at police headquarters.
13. The magistrate, Henry W. Clement of Plainfield, sentences the drunken driver. In this New Jersey city the Drunkometer is used to establish drunkenness on a scientific basis.



PHOTOS: THREE LIONS

Is it when he weaves and wobbles? Is it when he drives too fast or too slow? Is it when he has an alcoholic breath?

For a long time these questions bothered Dr. Rolla N. Harger of the University of Indiana Medical School. He well knew that any one of these symptoms, or all of them together, did not establish conclusive proof and could be due to other causes than drinking. He recognized also that the only way to establish proof of drunkenness is a chemical test of the blood, urine, or breath. Since the last is the easiest to obtain, he used it as the basis for designing and developing his Drunkometer to test drinking drivers.

The Drunkometer measures the alcohol content of breath, which stands in a fixed ratio of 2,100 to 1 with regard to the blood. Computations are then made to determine the amount of alcohol in the blood. According to present legal standards, persons with .05 per cent alcohol cannot be considered under the influence (this is equivalent to 2 ounces of whisky in a 150-pound person), though specific tests have shown that even one drink impairs performance ability. Between .05 per cent and .15 per cent is called the "questionable" area because many persons are definitely affected while others seemingly are not. More than .15 per cent alcohol content in the blood influences everyone. Seventeen states now have laws so defining these areas of intoxication.

Operation of the Drunkometer has been demonstrated in the city of Plainfield, New Jersey. In six years the total number of apprehensions as a result of its use was 635, an average of 105 each year; those freed totaled 166, about 26 per cent; the number convicted was 460. During a typical year Plainfield, with a population of 38,000, convicted 50 persons of drunken driving. During the same time New York City, with a population of approximately 8,000,000, and without the Drunkometer, convicted only 51.

Reliable enforcement authorities are as anxious to protect the innocent as to convict the guilty. Though the Drunkometer seems able to get its man, it also helps to guard against falsely accusing those who may be suffering from some other physical malady.

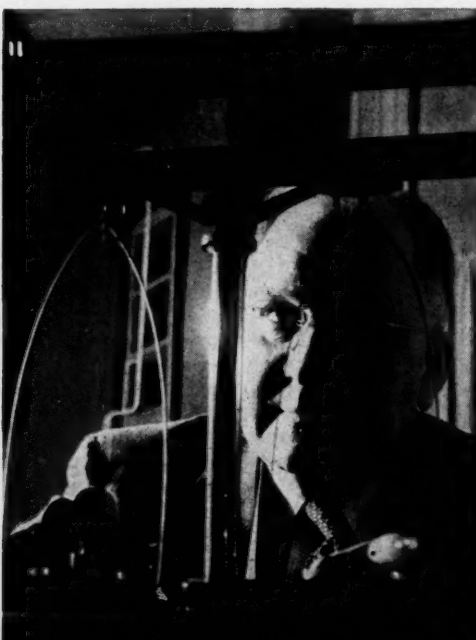
(The setting for this picture feature, posed and filmed exclusively for "Listen," is the city of Plainfield, New Jersey. The pictures have been posed and were not taken during any judicial proceedings in the Plainfield Municipal Court.—Editors.)

nkto Drive?



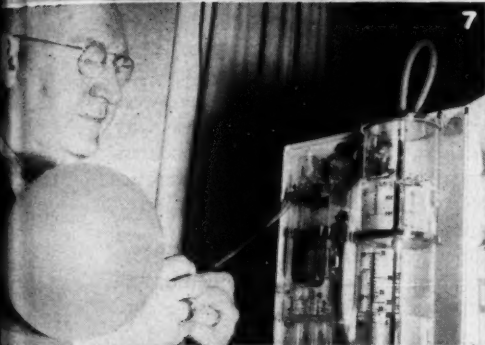


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12



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nkto Drive?



The

"Larger Problem" of Drug Addiction

Raymond A. McConnell

NARCOTIC drugs are listed by many names and varieties, but probably the three most commonly and notoriously known are:

Marijuana, a narcotic drug in cigarette form, is said to be, and widely believed to be, nonaddictive. It is quick acting, a "hep" drug, exciting, giving delusions of grandeur and power. It is also said to be, and probably is, curable. Its main significance is that it is often an introductory drug because it is widely and quite easily available.

Heroin is an opium derivative, the most common drug sold by "pushers," old and young, to users, old and young, and is the principal narcotic involving high-school youth in the current wave of addiction. It is heavily addictive, addiction being acquired in from three weeks to a few months. Rehabilitation is so rare as to be considered virtually impossible; it is exceedingly painful, costly, often leaving irremediable effects.

ALCOHOL AS A NARCOTIC

- "Alcohol is one of the group of drugs classed as narcotics, whose dominant action is a depression of function of all forms of living tissue."
—Haven Emerson, M.D., professor emeritus of public health, Columbia University.
- "Statistically, alcohol is the most important of all addicting, depressant drugs."
—Harris Isbell, M.D., Research Branch, United States Public Health Service Hospital, Lexington, Kentucky.
- "Alcohol, from the pharmacological viewpoint, is an anesthetic and a narcotic, potentially a habit-forming, craving-creating, addicting drug."
—Andrew C. Ivy, M.D., distinguished physiologist, vice-president, University of Illinois.
- "Alcohol is never a stimulant, but always a narcotic." "Alcohol merely releases the brakes. It is always a paralyzant, a narcotic."
—Robert S. Carroll, M.D., "What Price Alcohol?" pages 20, 279.
- "As far as narcotic drugs are concerned, there appears to be three definite steps in the juvenile problem: alcohol, then marijuana, and then one of the opiates."
—W. R. Creighton, chief of California Division of Narcotic Enforcement, Department of Justice.

Barbiturates are often given and taken as sedatives to induce sleep, but eventually by many users they are taken as "escape" drugs and for the languorous, pleasant, morning hang-over. They are addictive. Rehabilitation is possible, but painful.

The present number of drug addicts in the nation is sometimes given as about 60,000, but is probably much larger because of the general desire for concealment. New York police conservatively estimated, at the height of the antidrug campaign two or three years ago, that there were more than 5,000 teen-age addicts in New York City alone. In California there were 200 juvenile dope users arrested in 1950. Statistics are neither available nor accurate for the country as a whole.

In the case of these narcotic drugs, doctors, social workers, political leaders, policemen, businessmen, club-women, and society generally disapprove, condemn, and seek to prevent their sale and use, as well as to cure users.

However, currently aroused public concern over the growing drug habit and the sale of narcotics, particularly to youth, should provoke some careful thought about including alcohol as the larger problem of drug addiction.

Alcohol is supposed to be different. Its use is legal, socially approved, and made glamorously and esthetically attractive. Yet alcohol is a depressant, narcotic, habit-forming drug, not a stimulant, though often regarded as such, sometimes, strangely enough, even by doctors.

There are more than 65,000,000 users in the United States, and, at the very least, 4,000,000 of them (Seligser's Committee estimated 5,000,000) are addicts. Of these at least 1,000,000 are neurotic problem drinkers, or alcoholics. The other 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 are addictive drinkers, who really should be, and increasingly now are, classed as alcoholics.

Alcoholism is a major mental health problem in every state, making enormous and expensive demands on state and private mental hospitals. In the last biennium in Nebraska, for example, one in every four admissions and readmissions to the state hospitals was an alcoholic. It seems strange that this problem is so lightly regarded or so firmly ignored by "mental health" groups. Its expense to industry is conservatively estimated as at least \$1,000,000,000 a year. The cost to society in court and penal institutions and in police administration is enormous—and this is just for the addicts.

In the meantime, for the nonaddictive (as yet) users there are certain heavy liabilities which cannot be ignored in any fair consideration, including the economic burden on family budgets, the increased accident hazards, the diminished discretion and sense of moral responsibility.

The cure for drug sale, use, and addiction is found in the social disapproval by intelligent, able, socially responsible leaders of the community and nation. This solution will not come sufficient without the leadership and co-operation of the doctors, who by virtue of their profession carry a special responsibility, as some of them have fearlessly shown in connection with cigarette smoking and the danger of lung cancer.

There is little logic in mobilizing great resources to fight the wave of narcotic drug use and addiction, and omitting from that concern and program the kindred but enormously greater alcohol problem.

Is Big Business Closing Its Eyes
to One of Its Major Problems?

The author has for several years been striving to awaken industry to the wisdom of disseminating sound and dispassionate information on the alcohol problem to employees on all levels, accenting the preventive aspects.

Through these years he has secured a fund of information revealing, in all too many instances, the "colossal stupidity" on the part of top management in evaluating the economic and social repercussions of employee drinking. Especially is this true, he notes, among the railroads, which have been to date "100 per cent reluctant to approach this problem."

Here, exclusively for "Listen," he points out these prevalent resistance factors in order to help muster intelligent support in eradicating such obtuse concepts and attitudes in big business.

Management's Skeleton in the Closet

RICHARD
PAUL

"CHIEF DOUBTS FOUL PLAY IN DEATH OF INSURANCE MAN."

That's the way the headline read one morning in a city newspaper dated March 31, 1954. And the chief was right. There was no foul play, but there was a foul agent—alcoholism had precipitated his death.

Behind this headline of death is a story of human disintegration, witnessed by many, but interrupted by none. The victim, respected and well known, had been a highly successful agent for a large national insurance company for more than twenty-five years. Those who had been his fellow workers could hardly have missed the telltale signs and warnings which marked his decline.

That this man was a victim of bottled bondage had to be evident to some, at least, in his company. Yet there was an unfortunate *esprit de corps* among these associates to protect him from possible disciplinary measures. In this way they helped unwittingly to hasten his bitter end.

The newspaper account unveiled his real epitaph when it stated: "The deceased was a well-known 'spender' in grills and was a man who usually picked up the checks for others' drinks." It further told of his meandering from tavern to tavern the night of his final fling before winding up as a corpse at the bottom of a cliff.

It was disclosed that he had left an endorsed cashier's check for \$2,311 with one tavern manager for safekeeping on the fatal night. Such confidence must have been a product of keen familiarity.

That the name of a large and influential insurance company should have been referred to so frequently in this news story occasioned explosive reactions at management level. Here was a company which, ironically, made available numerous health pamphlets for public informa-



PHOTOS: THREE LIONS; ROBERTS



tion on all types of diseases and disorders, yet purposely avoided the subject of alcoholism as a matter of policy. Now, it returned to haunt the policy makers in black and white.

By some strange quirk of thinking, many business executives feel that their organizations are immune to alcoholism. Of course this is patent folly. National statistics show that the majority of the nation's adult population use some form of alcoholic beverage. Of the estimated 65,000,000 users it is reliably reported that more than 4,000,000 are victims of problem drinking, mild or serious. This means that one out of every sixteen drinkers is experiencing difficulty in his or her life as a result of the use of alcohol.

Seldom, if ever, will one find a business organization of any size having no drinkers. It must be assumed, and reasonably so, that every average company has its proportionate share of drinkers, and that this is the nucleus for potential alcoholics.

There is no doubt about the widespread incidence of alcoholism. The United States Public Health Service ranks it as our fourth major public health problem. It may even be third, next to heart disease and cancer. In spite of this recognition, business officials obstinately ignore it, either as a problem, or a possible one.

The vice-president of a large utility company in the Midwest which employs some 2,500 people told a surveyor of the drinking problem in industry that he had never known of an alcoholic in his fifteen years' association with the company. What he didn't know was that at that very moment twelve of his employees had become alcoholics and were striving to return to normal through the program of Alcoholics Anonymous. Undoubtedly there had been a problem for the company up to the time those men sought help.

This is illustrative of the fatuousness displayed by those who refuse to see what they have no inclination to see, nor do they want to hear about it either. Such obtuse thinking provides the stimulus for cover-up tactics in many large business concerns.

The executive vice-president and general manager of an industry located in the Southwest area, when asked about the problem among his employees, stated, "I don't really know if we have any problem drinkers. However, I do know that there is a grave problem with two of our executives' wives to the extent that these executives might just as well stay home for all the good they are around here."

If the effects of an existing drinking calamity in one's family seriously disturb the stability of the noninvolved employee, as they most certainly do, then they are economic liabilities of no minor import to management.

The personnel director of another prominent company, this one in the Northeast, declared that alcoholism had never reared its ugly head among his employees in the past; hence, he saw no need for any preventive program of education. However, at the close of the interview, he rose from his desk and closed his office door. Obviously he had something on his mind, and that something turned out to be somebody—his son.

This man's son was having drinking difficulties, and the man was anxious to obtain (Turn to page 21.)

"We Know You"



THEODORE R. McKELDIN, governor of the State of Maryland, who made the nominating speech for Dwight D. Eisenhower at the last Republican Convention in Chicago, relates an incident that occurred on Her Majesty's Australian ship "The Sydney," in Baltimore harbor. Captain Buchanan and his officers had invited Governor McKeldin to dine on board ship. When the governor arrived, the British officers, General Carter from Camp Meade, and other American officers were standing around the bar waiting to toast the governor.

"What will you have, governor?" Captain Buchanan asked.

"Now of course, I am a teetotaler," came the reply. "I'll have ginger ale."

Captain Buchanan gave the British officers a look, and an order at the same time, by that look, to the officer in charge of the bar. All the hard liquor was removed, and everyone toasted the governor with a double ginger ale.

"Why," asked the governor, "do you have to drink this because I drink it?"

Captain Buchanan replied, "In the tradition of the British navy, when the governor is on this ship, we'll drink what he drinks!"

"I had a similar experience," says the governor, "at a dinner with the President of the United States—the first time I ever had dinner in the White House. Ordinarily I turn my glass upside down at banquets, but here, I thought, 'It's not polite; I will let them serve it, but I won't drink it.'"

"I was talking, unfortunately, at the time the wine was being poured,* and I forgot myself and waved my hand over the top of the glass. The man who was pouring bent low and said rather disgustedly, 'We know you; this is grape juice.'"

"I asked the President upstairs in the library afterward, 'How did you know I didn't drink?'"

"He said, 'We find out about our guests before we invite them.'"

"Well," I said, "what intrigued me was the color of it."

"We always take care of that, too," President Eisenhower replied. "When we serve red wine, we have red Concord grape juice for those who don't drink; when we have white wine—that's what we had tonight—we serve a white California grape juice."

—Reported by C. S. Longacre.

*Most authentic reports by Washington newsmen indicate that White House refreshments are nonalcoholic, that even the "champagne punch" used at major functions has no perceptible spike, but that wines are used when diplomatic protocol seems to "require" such toasts.

Alcohol's first effects on the human mind are such that even in slight amounts it makes a drinker less capable of showing due consideration for the comfort, safety, or welfare of others. In fact, the ability of a person to manifest proper consideration diminishes in direct proportion to the quantity of alcohol he consumes. Consequently even minimal consumption can reduce one's ability to be considerate and observe certain proprieties.

This suggested outline is not intended to give tacit or implied approval to drinking, but rather as a guide for evaluating the consideration that should be manifested by drinkers for the rights of others. The considerate drinker—

THE CONSIDERATE DRINKER



Strives to make the nondrinker feel at home in a group where drinks are being served. "Keep in mind," says Edward J. McGoldrick, Jr., "that the odor of liquor to the nondrinker is as strong as onion or garlic breath, and often as unpleasant."



Avoids saying or doing anything that will embarrass one who declines to accept a drink.



Never urges a drink upon anyone, whether he be a drinker or a nondrinker.



In public is never profane, obscene, or abusive in action or speech.



Manifests respect for the rights of those who have a differing point of view.



Does not drink or discard empty containers in public places such as beaches, parks, alleys, streets, or highways.



Observes carefully all laws governing the distribution, sale, and use of alcoholic beverages.



Always makes it easier for those engaged in dispensing alcoholic beverages to abide by the codes, laws, or regulations.



At no time attempts to drive a car after drinking, regardless of how slight the alcoholic content of the beverage—or the drinker.



Never becomes drunk or unruly.

—Adapted from H. H. Hill.

Beauty can be more than skin deep, at least in the life of Janice Hutton Somers, the twenty-year-old Michigan State College coed who quite modestly but regally carries the coveted title of "Miss Michigan."

Jan's unsophisticated charm reflects an inner beauty which overnight has catapulted her into the national spotlight. For not only does she regally wear the "Miss Michigan" crown, but also, as the Big Ten Queen, her presence graced the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena on New Year's Day and helped inspire the winning Ohio State football team in the Rose Bowl.

Brown-haired, blue-eyed Janice was born in Philadelphia, the daughter of a merchandise manager for Sears Roebuck. Reared in a Christian home of Presbyterian heritage, she lived in New Jersey, Maryland, and Washington, D.C.

The fanfare of high-school extracurriculars saw her active as a cheer leader, a vocalist in numerous choral groups, Homecoming Queen, and vice-president of the Young Life Club—an interdenominational organization, established, in her words, "to help students of high-school age get acquainted with the Lord." Her whole philosophy of life is built on the conviction that modern youth should "try to follow the stainless life that Jesus Christ lived here on earth."

From her present home in Elmhurst, Illinois, Jan came to Michigan State College, a move which put her on the road to the Miss America Pageant in Atlantic City.

It all began a year ago when she was chosen MSC Engineering Queen. In competition with other campus coeds, Miss Somers was later awarded the title of "Miss Michigan State College." Next came her selection as "Miss Big Ten," and by last summer, in competition at Muskegon, she was picked as Michigan's representative to the national event.

In September she left for Atlantic City, carrying with her all the laurels and best wishes the nation's "Water Wonderland" could bestow. She also carried the unselfish personal desire that "the right thing would be done" and that she would find opportunity to "give rather than to receive."

A natural aptitude for music and singing paid off in surprise dividends when she walked away with a share of the first-place honors in the talent phase of the contest. And when the final tabulated results of the judging were revealed, "Miss Michigan" ranked with the top five entrants.

At MSC, Jan is a member of the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority. She takes time each week to make a singing appearance on WKAR-TV's "Campus Capers," in addition to a regular weekly campus news report over WJIM-TV. Naturally athletic, she enjoys instructing youngsters in the fine art of swimming.

But the sudden burst of fame has not altered her firm determination to fulfill a lifelong ambition to serve as an elementary-school teacher.

When that dream comes true, youthful students will see before them one who is exceptionally equipped to endow them with a positive life's philosophy. Among other things, her advice to young people then, as it is now, will carry an emphasis on the fact that "alcohol brings misery to those who drink," and that the road to real happiness and success demands total abstinence.

Janice Hutton Somers is a living testimony to this fact.

Janie



CHARLES F. EVERT



FRED HESS & SON



CHARLES F. EVERETT

Marie Hutton Somers

MICHIGAN'S

QUEEN

"The best life is the clean, wholesome life. We should regulate our appetites and passions so that they can serve us in the upbuilding of our bodies, and not tend to weaken them."

CHARLES F. EVERETT



Interviews by
Iva Lee Kinne and
Warren L. Johns

FRED HESS & CO.



WORLD REPORT



Translated from the French by Leona Glidden-Running.



E LIONS

A familiar scene in France: the licensed wine distiller making the rounds of the neighborhood.

S EVEN-YEAR-OLD Peter was leafing through an illustrated magazine. At the call of his mother he raised his head and, with a vexed and angry air, answered, "Don't you see that I am busy?" His mother insisted, but far from allowing himself to be coaxed, the child had a fit of insane anger. Rolling on the floor, biting, clawing, he howled. At the peak of his rage he grabbed a light piece of furniture and, throwing it to the floor, broke it.

From all the evidence he presented character difficulties so serious that a consultation with a psychiatrist was needed.

In the psychiatrist's office Peter, a beautiful child, apparently in perfect health, showed himself very disagreeable, even insolent. A verbal intelligence test proved that his mental age was above his chronological age.

The projection tests revealed that the child was obsessed by fear. He began to sob: "I'm afraid! At night I see wings, no, hands, white things that dance on the chest of drawers in my bedroom!"

His parents were stupefied. The child, who sleeps alone in his room, had never complained of nightly terrors or disturbances of sleep.

At the end of the questioning the doctor asked the mother, "What does he drink?"

She replied, "Oh, at the table he drinks nothing but pure wine, about a quart a day. Then, at night, because he is often nervous, I give him a glass of port into which I beat the yolks of two eggs."

Without any doubt, Peter, this child of seven years, is an alcoholic. The par-

CHILD ALCOHOLISM in France

H. Müller, M.D.

ents are astounded. They belong to a rather high social class, seem intelligent, and are rather cultured, which facts have not prevented them from making their child an alcoholic. This fact cannot be denied and is all the more overwhelming because it is not a question of delinquent parents.

Thus begins a long article in the July 1, 1954, *Samedi-Soir* (Saturday Evening), one of the weekly information journals most widely read in France, with the sensational headline on the first page: "Alcoholic Children, a Shocking Investigation."

The reader thinks he is dreaming—so unreal does this story seem. Indeed, it seems inconceivable that parents who are intelligent, cultured, and respectable could have innocently made their child an alcoholic.

THE CHAINS OF HABIT ARE TOO WEAK TO BE FELT UNTIL THEY ARE TOO STRONG TOO TO BE BROKEN.

However, Peter's case is not an isolated one. In certain regions of France it is even so common that one can speak of infant alcoholism. Professor Perrin of the University of Medicine of Nantes devotes a chapter to this in his important and courageous work, *Alcoholism—Medical-Social Problems and Economic Problems*, crowned by the Academy of Sciences, and based on a large survey in which 1,657 French physicians took part.

Professor Perrin says that child alcoholism occurs in such regions as Brittany and Normandy, where "it tends little by little to become the rule."

Under the pretext of "killing worms"

or of ensuring better sleep, but in reality in order not to be bothered by her baby, the mother adds brandy to the baby's milk. (The French word for brandy means "water of life") When the baby is a little older, to reward his good work, the father gives him a glass of wine and is quite proud when he likes it and seems to be able to take it well.

The road to school is often too long for the child to be able to return home at noon. Therefore he carries a lunch basket, the contents of which are often rather meager. The drink he carries will most often be pure wine, sometimes a pint, and will be drained to the last drop.

One physician tells the story of a teacher who, "finding that his youngest pupils were drinking pure wine in too great quantities and having warned the families in vain, had taken upon himself to pour half of it down the drain and dilute the rest with water. But misfortune was his reward, for the parents treated as a thief the one who wished only to prevent them from poisoning their own children."

In the region of the lower Loire the teacher often has the same experience if he wishes to teach the child to mix water with the wine he brings to school.

By the time they are two years old all the children are drinking wine. When the physician examines children from five to seven years old, he finds enormous livers, jaundiced complexions, emaciations, sometimes epileptics. The people never admit that their children may be alcoholics. They say, "He drinks so little of it." "Wine never did anyone any harm." Children three years old have been seen dead drunk. Children drink wine as soon as they are weaned.

Another child, whose grandmother used to give him a big glass of brandy (water of life!) to "strengthen" him,

died at the age of seven of delirium tremens.

To resist the cold, children seven or eight years old in certain regions in the winter carry a small flask, often a nursing bottle, of brandy for the trip to school. In Vendée the children take brandy in coffee. No one knows how much wine they have taken by the end of the day, for they drink directly from the jug that is always on the table. Certain parents are even amused to see that in the evening their children do not know too well what they are saying.

In Normandy the children begin at eighteen months to drink hard cider. At school age they drink a little for breakfast and have a large glass of wine at each meal.

A physician of the Haute-Saône region, who had gone to perform a tracheotomy in a farm isolated by the snow, saw with astonishment that a child of eight had been given the glass of alcohol that he himself had refused, and that the child took it by dipping into it some biscuits as if it were milk.

If, by all evidence, child alcoholism exists in France, no one will be surprised that teen-age alcoholism is even more widespread.

Entrance into apprenticeship will often be the beginning of dangerous habits for the young people. By various means the apprentices are initiated into drinking by the old workmen. A tournament of new wine is carried on, and at the end of the afternoon one young man may have drunk sixty or seventy glasses of wine!

All testimonies establish the fact that the age at which persons become alcoholics and at which they have accidents has a tendency to lower constantly. In Gironde, for instance, the young people begin to drink as men at fourteen or fifteen years of age and are deeply intoxicated at eighteen or twenty years. Cases of delirium tremens are noted in young people twenty, eighteen, sixteen, and fifteen, cirrhosis in girls eighteen to thirty, and fatal cirrhosis in a young man of twenty-six and in a young woman of twenty-seven.

A communication given recently in the Academy of Medicine on infant alcoholism in France brought a strong reaction. The most astounding fact is certainly the inconceivable unconsciousness of well-intentioned parents who produce alcoholism in their own children. Thus thousands of innocent children, full of promise, become disreputable, degenerate, and in adolescence often die of cirrhosis or of delirium tremens, victims of the drinking customs that make people blind. In France one can see the consequences of the worship

SECOND QUARTER



Mother of the Year

"We have never served liquor in our home and see no need for it, since we do not believe in drinking. I am firmly convinced that building a successful family does not go with drinking."

On April 23, 1954, Mrs. M. H. Driftmier, of Shenandoah, Iowa, was awarded a mother's scroll in honor of her selection as the state's outstanding mother of the year.

Although crippled from an automobile accident in 1930, Mrs. Driftmier has given valuable service not only to her family of seven children, but to the entire Midwest area.

In 1926 Mrs. Driftmier began broadcasting the first kitchen home-maker program on Midwest radio. Soon her listeners welcomed a magazine named "Kitchen Klatter" also, and demanded more. The radio program and magazine effort were both home projects.

Although busy with her career, this talented lady has always been the mother, never too busy to do the constant housekeeping required by so large a family. Even after her accident, when a wheel chair was necessary, she did the family baking, made the children's clothing, and performed the many other tasks without hired help.

Interviewed by Phyllis Somerville

of wine to the point where the scholars have declared it a "hygienic drink," a term that has been anchored in the constitution of the country. The frightful declaration has been heard in the Academy of Medicine in Paris that the antidote, the sovereign remedy, of alcoholism is wine!

MANAGEMENT'S SKELETON

(Continued from page 16)

information as to the best way to handle the situation. He said to the interviewer, "I sit here from nine in the morning until five in the evening waiting for this phone to ring, either confirming my worst fears or dispelling them, as the case may be, from day to day."

If this gentleman was that much distressed about his twenty-nine-year-old son, was there not a company problem existing in so far as this man's daily stability and efficiency were concerned? How many similar situations exist within the framework of the average company's personnel where noninvolved employees have aggravated alcohol troubles in their immediate families?

The November, 1954, issue of *Commerce Magazine* of Chicago featured an article entitled, "Do You Have an Embezzler on Your Payroll?" This is an appropriate topic, for embezzling, like drinking, is a potential in any walk of life. One thing is certain: We cannot predict with absolute certainty who is going to be the dishonest employee of tomorrow any more than we can single out the alcohol addict of the future.

This magazine enumerates the various causes of embezzlement and states them to be as varied as human nature, from which the trouble arises. It then names them in the order of their importance: "(1) gambling; (3) extravagant living standards; (3) unusual family expenses; (4) undesirable associates; (5) inadequate income."

The startling aspect of this diagnosis is its failure even to consider drinking as a contributing factor. It is to be noted that this publication is pitched to management; so, perhaps, it carefully avoids repercussions by omitting reference to alcohol.

Of course it is not intended to indict all managements for failure to deal with the alcohol problem. On the contrary, a great many companies have tossed precedent aside to engage in preventive programs on alcoholism, though they constitute a distinct minority compared to the vast number throughout the country which don't or won't do anything about it.

Educational approaches used by some major companies have accented preventive aspects of the problem, how to detect early symptoms of alcoholism, and what to do about them. In no instance where these programs have been conducted has there been any adverse reaction.

One major area in which informa-

tion on problem drinking has been consistently taboo is that of the railroads. They have stoutly maintained that their "Rule G" has been successful in controlling the problem for them.

Certainly there are as many drinking employees on the railroads as in any other industrial or business organization. The ratio of problem drinkers would hardly differ much, either. However, up to the present, the railroads have been adamant in their stand, and they refuse to view the subject as worthy of informational treatment.

As for disciplinary measures alone, experience dictates that they don't prevent, but merely lead to concealment of drinking difficulties. Disciplinary provisions, such as the railroads' "Rule G," are necessary, but their application is admittedly on a when-as-and-if-detected basis. However, reporting suspected or detected problem drinkers becomes another unpredictable eventuality. As one high railroad official tersely put it: "Rule G is more often honored in its breach than in its observance."

It might be of interest to note that the executive making this statement, in spite of his public acknowledgment of a serious drinking problem among his own personnel, at least, has refrained from any educational effort within his company.

This brings us to the question of resistance. The railroads have manifested a paralyzing fear of adverse public opinion should they adopt any employee informational programs on alcoholism. Many executives have specifically stated that such would be construed by the traveling public as reflecting the prevalence of a company-wide alcohol problem, thus denoting an existing operational safety hazard. This, however, would scarcely qualify as a rational conclusion.

No segment of the public has gone so berserk as to brand a railroad as being unsafe because it conducts extensive and high-powered safety campaigns for all personnel.

The assistant to the president of one of the largest Midwestern railroads typified prevailing reaction to suggested orientation on alcoholism when he wrote, "Any such material might lead to the unfounded rumors that we had a serious alcoholic problem on this railroad. Such rumors could very easily cause more harm than failure to treat on the subject at all." So it goes!

Using the same type of reasoning, the director of public relations for a major steel company wrote: "It is a very delicate subject, as you know, and some people might resent our giving it [information] to them." Yet this same

company has no compunctions about providing other health information to employees!

All too many executives are innocently ignorant of the facts underlying alcoholism. They are the very people who need enlightenment. Invariably when they are interviewed on the subject, however, they dodge responsibility for making a decision on proposed programs by relegating them to subordinate officials. At this lower level one is more likely to find intelligent concepts of the problem, and favorable reaction to educational suggestions. But lacking

MOTORIST'S PRAYER

Grant me a steady hand and watchful eye,
That no man shall be hurt when I pass by.
Thou gavest life, and pray no act of mine
May take away or mar that gift of Thine.
Shelter those, dear Lord, who bear me
company
From evils of fire and all calamity.
Teach me to use my car for others' need,
Nor miss through love of speed
The beauty of Thy world, that thus I may
With joy and courtesy go on my way.

—Author Unknown.

policy authority, they have to pass the matter back to the upper echelons for ultimate approval. More often than not the stalemate continues because the top brass don't want to do anything about it. Meanwhile the drinking casualties continue at the expense of those who will not understand.

Companies which do business with members of the liquor industry are frequently opposed to employee education on alcoholism because they fear such would be affronts to their clients, with consequent loss of business. But such don't go as far even as the periodic campaigns publicly promoted by some of the distillers to enhance their cause of moderation in the use of alcoholic beverages. The liquor industry fully realizes the distinct liability every alcoholic imposes, so from a self-defense standpoint they wage such campaigns.

It is, indeed, a travesty of no small import that management has been able conveniently to forget the veritable army of victims to alcoholism among former "star salesmen" who succumbed to the false notion that they had to "do or die" for the company's success. Many of them died. These men and women were duped by big expense accounts which not only permitted but encouraged wine-dine merry-go-round

tactics. This is a practice still prominently in vogue among high-pressure organizations.

Contrary to the romantic lure of liquor advertising, alcohol is not all things to all persons. For many it will prove fatal. If management is going to expose its employees to this dire potential, surely it is morally bound to exercise every precaution to prevent alcoholism. This is the least it can do.

A trend has been observed in some organizations in which management has sought to dispel the insidious notion that a salesman must use the bottle to sell himself, the customer, or the product. This, however, is a philosophy foreign to the majority as yet.

With the growing concern in employee health areas, companies are staffing industrial surgeons for the purpose of instituting mental and physical hygiene programs. Yet, in many instances, medical men have been unable to convince their respective managements of the efficacy in doing something constructive about the threat of alcoholism.

One medical director summarized his Herculean task: "It is an obstacle race, not necessarily because of philosophical objection, but because of complete and utter unfamiliarity on the part of those presented with the problem for comment." This doctor is exerting his every effort to swing top management over to a conviction that something tangible should be done. He is still trying!

Security is a quality which one hears discussed on all sides today. Governments, industries, business, and the individual seek guarantees against anything and anybody constituting a threat to certainty and stability. What greater threat can there be than the one posed in drinking?

It is evident that there is an appalling display of ignorance on this subject in many sectors, particularly in the higher echelons of management.

Education on the subject is in order. Once management gets before its employees and their families the salient information as to the underlying nature and scope of alcoholism, it is not unreasonable to expect that much of the problem will be checked at the family level. This would deter the chances of subsequent problems for management. Everyone will agree that *prevention is always better than treatment.*

Effective prevention of alcoholism requires something other than disciplinary action or punishment. Punishment and prevention cannot exist together. The alcohol problem requires realism and intelligence for adequate and permanent solution.



KALAMAZOO GAZETTE

JEAN CARROLL

Since This Time Yesterday

24 persons have been killed in
alcohol-involved highway accidents.

BLACK STAR; COLLIER; FILLMAN



WARD; ROBERT O'REILLY

READ "Dead-End Violence," beginning next page.

"I'M SO happy that we are actually settled now. Why, we've been here for almost four years. That's longer than we've lived in any other place."

Nora had a tinge of pride in her voice as she spoke to her husband, Royce. The Shermans, living in a little cottage in the outskirts of Chicago, were comparing their present community with others in which they had resided.

"Well, Nora, you know what it was like in some of those small Midwestern communities. Everyone knew us. We couldn't make a move without the entire community knowing about it."

"You know, Royce, it was almost, well, weird the way they looked at us when we returned from a trip."

"That was because it seemed to hurt some of those provincials when they didn't know where we had gone or what we had done."

"But somehow they would always find out, and the women I'd meet in the grocery store would drop sly hints that they knew all the details."

Westboro High School faculty, because he had learned—from the sleepless spies, I'm sure—that you and I had been known to visit a certain roadside tavern."

"Dismissing you would have been justifiable if you had been disorderly or a chronic alcoholic. Just because you were seen going into a tavern with me—that was unfair and unreasonable."

"Dismissing me from that mid-Victorian community was the best thing that could have happened. Here it's different. I feel free, unwatched, unguarded. We can have a drink at the Davenport Lounge or the Shore Inn without fear that the neighbors will speak about us in whispers or treat us as if we were untouchables."

Royce Sherman was respected by the faculty and the student body of the Crane County High School, where he taught English and history. His idea that education is not necessarily painful and boring but can be made interesting made him one of the most popular teachers.

The students were greatly influenced

do it. When I told the boys on the team that such things were not in my field, they asked me to approach you. It seems they elected you to make all the plans without even consulting you."

"I feel very flattered; honored, really."

"Great! Then it's all settled. What a relief for me! When and where can you discuss the arrangements with the boys?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe tomorrow night about seven would be a time that would not interfere with their study or sleep. Listen, coach, let them come out to my place. It's only about a twenty-minute drive. Nora and I will have some refreshments for them."

"They'll like that. Thanks loads, Royce. Any time I can do something for you, let me know."

"Yes, coach, a repeat championship next year."

"No," began Burke thoughtfully. "The entire team—Jansen, Shallus, Martin, Fessi, and Parr—are graduating in June. I've worked with them since they were out of grammar school,

DEAD-END VIOLENCE

Ralph Parr had driven that road hundreds of times, but this time his right foot felt sort of heavy.

"That's why we kept moving. Some of those puritanical communities had a spy system that for thorough and efficient probing surpassed Hitler's secret police."

"Yes, this prying into our private lives made me feel guilty."

"Of what, Nora, were we guilty?" Royce continued, reaching for his drink. "Merely walking into a cocktail lounge or tavern for a highball or a glass of beer—an innocent pleasure to which any man, doctor, lawyer, engineer, or teacher is entitled. But what angers me is the hypocrisy of the whole situation. Some of the men who at that last P.T.A. meeting in Westboro charged me with 'conduct unbecoming a teacher' had their breath saddled with alcohol."

"Yes, I know. Your harmless drinking was condemned by drunkards."

"Of course! Why, you remember Judge Roth. He always served and drank brandy and beer at the parties to which we were often invited. Yet he, the archhypocrite, was the first to recommend that I be dismissed from the

by Sherman. They adopted his expressions, repeated his jokes, and copied his ties, shirts, and sport coats. The senior class appointed him as their moderator to supervise arrangements for senior proms, parties, and picnics.

The Crane County High School basketball team had won the state championship for the first time. A few days after the championship game the proud coach, Ben Burks, was talking to Sherman in the faculty room after classes.

"Royce, it seems you've made quite a hit with the students, especially with my boys."

"You're the one who has made the hit, coach. The championship should make you the coach of the year."

"But I'm an old man. I'm not used to all this fuss everyone is making about my boys and me—you know, parties and all that. But that's where you come in, maybe."

"I? How?"

"Well, Royce, the team wanted me to plan a victory party, not for themselves, but for the school, before the rest of the students have a chance to

when they were green, clumsy, and bewildered. I've trained thousands during my thirty years of coaching, but these boys—they're tops. I couldn't be more proud of them if they were my own sons. So I plan to 'graduate,' with them in June. Besides, old Doc Winslowe has been urging me to retire for the last three years. I knew the kids had it, that they would bring the championship to Crane High before they finished. But the time for me to retire wasn't ripe then. It is now. You understand."

"Of course, coach."

At seven o'clock the next evening four of the basketball players arrived at the Sherman cottage. As the boys entered, it began raining.

The outstanding player was Ken Jansen, center and captain of the team. Besides being a great athlete, he was a brilliant student, editor of the school paper, and president of the senior class. Nearly every major university in the country was bidding for him, but he was undecided as to what scholarship he would accept.

Parr returned quickly. He was smiling. In one hand he held two bottles of pop. In his other hand were five cans of beer. "Look, fellows, what I found!" Parr held up the beer.



Charlie Blank

The other players were Jim Shallus and Stan Martin, guards, and one of the forwards, Ralph Parr. Unlike Ken, these boys had definite plans.

The music, the hall, the kind and number of dinner plates, the admission price—all the details were considered, discussed, and voted on. By nine o'clock the committees had been appointed and most of the arrangements for the victory dinner had been completed.

"Well, boys," said Sherman, "now that you have all agreed on the general plan of the victory party, it's time you had some refreshments. Or shall we take a vote on the matter?"

"No, Mr. Sherman."

"I don't know," said Parr, "what hurts me more—my hunger or my thirst."

"It's O.K. with me, sir."

"We never have to take a vote on eating, Mr. Sherman."

"Good. That makes it unanimous, including Mrs. Sherman and myself."

Heaping platters of sandwiches, salads, and cookies were on the dining-room table.

"Oh, I almost forgot," said Sherman.

"Parr, will you please go into the kitchen and bring the refreshments we have for you in the refrigerator?"

"Yes, sir."

Parr returned quickly. He was smiling. In one hand he held two bottles of pop. In his other hand were five cans of beer.

"Look, fellows, what I found!" Parr held up the beer.

The boys looked at Sherman. They did not know whether they should share Parr's enthusiasm about the beer.

"Well, boys, I don't know," said Sherman. "This beer was meant, well, for me."

"If it's good for you, Mr. Sherman," said Shallus, "then it can't be bad for us."

"My father," began Parr, "drinks beer by the barrel. He says beer never hurt anybody. So he lets me drink a couple of glasses. At first I didn't like it. It tasted bitter. But I guess beer improves with age."

Sherman laughed. Then the boys, except Ken Jansen, laughed.

"My father lets me drink beer, too," said Martin proudly.

"I don't know what the coach would say," said Sherman. "You know how strict he is at all times."

"Yes, sir; don't *we know!*" said Parr, "but training season's over. Besides, most of us have had a glass or two of beer, or of something stronger, since we became seniors."

"Well," Sherman said looking at Nora, "I guess a can of beer is quite harmless."

It was about ten when Jansen suggested it was time for him and the other boys to leave. After putting on his coat, Parr returned to the dining room to finish drinking his beer.

"Boy," shouted Parr, "is it coming down in buckets now! Why doesn't it rain beer instead of water?"

"Maybe because it wouldn't be good," Jansen said. He was serious.

"Not good for who—or whom?" Parr asked.

"For the entire world," said Jansen without smiling. Then he turned to the Shermans to thank them for their hospitality.

Parr rushed to the station wagon and climbed in behind the wheel, Shal-

lus and Martin clambering into the rear seat.

"Come on, Ken, let's go," cried Parr blasting the horn.

Ken walked slowly, unmindful of the rain. Parr gunned the engine, and raced down the driveway out onto the main road.

A few minutes after the boys had gone, the telephone rang. Sherman picked up the receiver.

"Hello. Yes, this is Mr. Sherman. Oh, Mrs. Jansen. How are you? No. Ken left a few moments ago. He should be home in ten or fifteen minutes."

"You know, Mr. Sherman," said Mrs. Jansen, "Kenny just worships you, talks of you constantly."

"Thank you, Mrs. Jansen. Ken is a fine boy. He has a brilliant future. With his ability he should succeed in any profession he chooses."

"That's what I'm worried about, Mr. Sherman. You see, he isn't sure what he wants to be. My husband and I tried to help him decide; but Kenny doesn't want to be a doctor, architect, dentist, lawyer, or anything else we suggest. This morning he said he thought he knew what he wanted to study, but he said he'd talk to you about it tonight. He has so much confidence in your advice and counsel."

"But Ken mentioned nothing to me about his future plans, Mrs. Jansen. Did he tell you in what field he might be interested?"

"Yes. Although he was rather vague about it, he did say something about the ministry. Hello, Mr. Sherman, Hello! Oh, I thought we were disconnected."

"No," Royce continued after a long pause. "Remember what I said—Ken can succeed in any undertaking. And, well, I can't think of a higher or nobler calling than the one in which Ken is interested. You and Mr. Jansen should be very proud of him."

"Oh, yes, we are. Ken's all we have. We want him to be not only successful but good, wise, and happy. But I've taken up enough of your time. And thank you, thank you, for bothering so much about our Kenny. Good-by."

For a long time Sherman sat beside the telephone.

"Royce," said Nora, "is there anything wrong? Royce!"

"What? Oh, I don't know. Perhaps not. Mrs. Jansen phoned. She said Ken intends to study for the ministry, and that he was going to talk to me about it tonight."

"But he didn't speak to you about it. He seemed so quiet and thoughtful, especially toward the end of his visit. He's so different, not at all like the other boys."

"Yes, Nora, I know. He's very sensitive. And I'm wondering whether what happened here tonight made him change his mind about taking me into his confidence."

"But what could have happened? Unless—"

"Unless what?" Sherman squinted. "Well, unless it was the beer that he didn't approve of."

"Exactly, the beer. I wish Parr had not brought that beer out of the re-

Do Saloons Keep the Law?

If liquor laws were properly and completely enforced, undoubtedly many more items like the following from the Chicago "Daily News" could be reported from the thousands of liquor outlets in the nation:

"Detectives Steve P. Hanna and Joseph Chwistek were sent to Walter's saloon, 751 W. North, with the following results:

—James Moody, 38, of 751 W. North, the bartender, was fined \$100 by Judge John R. Sweeney in Boys Court Friday on a charge of serving liquor to minors.

—The owner, Carl Walter, 55, of 5135 N. Ashland, was fined \$100 for serving unescorted females at the bar.

—Frank Haday, 39, a truck driver, of 1643 Vine, was fined \$5 and \$5 costs for selling flowers in a saloon.

—Frank Weber, 36, a patron, of 4859 N. Central, was fined \$25 and costs for disorderly conduct.

—Warrants were issued for eight women charged with wearing men's clothes, drunk and asleep on the bar, using profanity, and soliciting drinks.

—Airman 1/c Edward Griffiths, 18, of 4617 Peterson, and Gerald Klusendorf, 18, of 4717 Berenice, were discharged on charges of minors purchasing liquor.

—Capt. William Burke of Hudson Avenue district recommended to the commissioner that the saloon's license be revoked.

—Moody was also fined \$9 and \$9 costs for selling liquor to unescorted females."

frigerator. From the moment the beer was brought into the dining room, I suspected Ken had changed. I've known him a long time—three years. And in all that time he has always been, at least with me, quite frank and communicative, never hesitating to reveal his problems or whatever was on his mind. I don't think he drank any of that beer, anyway."

"All the cans left on the table were empty, but maybe it was the presence of the other boys and of myself that prevented him from seeking your advice tonight. After classes Monday he might be himself again."

"I hope so. Ken's not like that unless he has been deeply hurt or disappointed. I certainly hope that I haven't shattered any of his ideals or his faith

in me. I don't know what I'd do if I thought—"

"Now, Royce, don't be too hard on yourself. Other things might have made him decide to postpone his talk with you—a headache, unfamiliar surroundings, or the desire not to let his teammates know of his plans."

"I certainly hope so, but I still wish Parr hadn't brought out that beer."

Nora went to bed. Sherman corrected English compositions for nearly an hour, when the telephone rang again. Lifting the receiver to his ear, he heard someone sobbing—a woman.

"Hello."

"Mr. Sherman? This—this is Kenny's mother again. Something terrible has happened. An accident on—on Marquette Road. Kenny's in the hospital, the Crane County Hospital—the other boys, too. My husband's out of town—business. I'm afraid. My boy—"

"Listen, Mrs. Jansen, take hold of yourself. I'll pick you up in ten minutes. Perhaps it's not too serious. Yes. Good-by."

A nurse at the hospital asked Mrs. Jansen and Sherman to be seated in the waiting room. A tall young doctor in his surgery smock opened the door.

"Mrs. Jansen? No, don't get up, please. And this is—? How do you do, Mr. Sherman. Now, Mrs. Jansen, your boy—"

"Is he all right, my Kenny?" Her voice choked with anxiety as she came to her feet.

"Mrs. Jansen, I—I did all I could."

Mrs. Jansen collapsed. The doctor felt her pulse. Calling a nurse, he said something to her very quickly. She left and returned a moment later followed by two interns with a wheeled stretcher, onto which Mrs. Jansen was lifted.

"Take her into room 12. Keep her warm. And, nurse, some aromatic spirits of ammonia. She might need it when she regains consciousness. But don't give it to her. Wait for me. I'll be with her in a minute."

"Are you a relative, Mr. Sherman?" said the doctor.

"No, doctor. I'm a friend of Jansen and a teacher at the high school. How are the others?"

"The others are all right. Two of them went home already without a scratch. It's too bad about this one—Jansen. But he was sitting next to the driver, on the side that was hit by the northbound bus on Highway 44 at Marquette Road. The driver—Parr, I think his name is—is in room 21. He'll be all right—a few cuts and bruises. You can go in to see him if you wish, just to your right."

(Turn to page 34.)

Mountain House

ON "THE LAKE
OF THE SKY"

Combining the Old World charm of a castle on the Rhine with the rustic appeal of a modern resort in natural surroundings, the Lake Mohonk Mountain House stands atop a rocky, forest-covered eminence in eastern New York.

Near the small community of New Paltz five Smileys operate this unique hotel, with every convenience, but with none of the hustle and bustle of city life. Hidden from the world by a one-way road and native trees and shrubbery, it has no parking lots, no taxis, no bad music, no dancing, no card playing, no race tracks, no city noises. Old-fashioned gardens and the crystal-clear, mountaintop lake make a perfect setting for quiet, get-away-from-it-all vacations. Wide expanses of rolling lawns with variegated flowers, trees, and shrubs add to summer enjoyment. Fall throws a flaming coat of many colors over the maples and aspens. Skating and skiing dominate winter attractions.

Visitors come to Mohonk to renew their strength and faith, discovering after a stay in such surroundings of beauty that renewing of both body and soul makes them better able to return to their occupations. The splendid isolation of Mohonk is nearly complete from ulcer-producing civilization.

Lake Mohonk, "the Lake of the Sky," as appropriately named by the Indians about 1614, overlooks the Rondout Valley, with the blue-hazed Catskill Range against the western sky.

In 1869 Albert K. Smiley, living near Poughkeepsie, chose a day's outing by carriage to this romantic little lake of which he had heard, rather than spend the day at West Point. This visit resulted in his purchasing the property, totaling only 280 acres, which has now been extended to 7,500.

From the first season Mohonk has taxed its facilities to accommodate the influx of patrons. Among the most appreciated features of this popular resort is the complete absence of barroom or cocktail parlor. Drinking by visitors and employees is definitely discouraged.

To find the background for this unique feature, and how it is working, "Listen" sent its editorial assistant, Sue E. Taylor, to Mohonk to interview one of the present hotel proprietors, Albert K. Smiley, Jr., popularly known as Mr. Keith. Herewith is her question-and-answer interview.



SMILEY, JR.

Mr. Keith, this business of yours seems indeed unique. What kind of "house" do you operate, and how large is it?

This is a regular resort with accommodations for 450 guests, open the year round, but primarily it is a summer resort. Sixty rooms rent during the winter months.

Are there other phases in addition to the hotel?

A boys' school during the school term, our own dairy farm, a golf course, a laundry, and a power plant. We raise beef cattle and some grain and hay. Also, besides the house, there is a smaller house with family cottages.

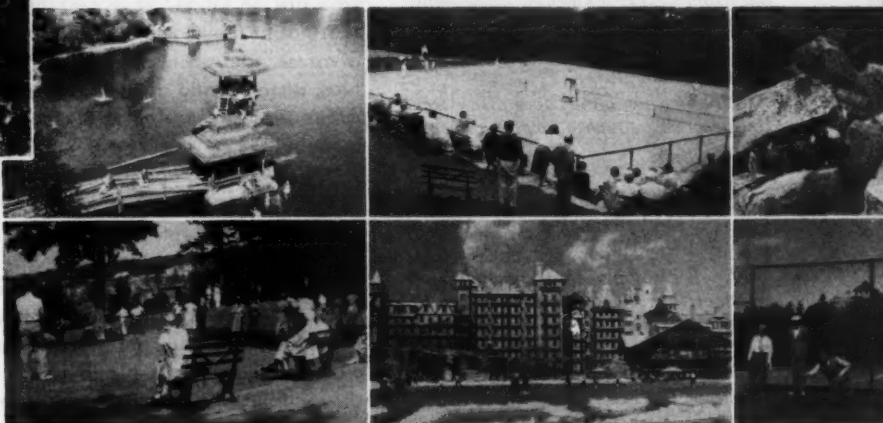
Is this school a boarding school?

Yes, it is a four- to nine-grade school held between late September and May. The school was a college preparatory school from 1920 to 1936, but has been a junior school since 1936. We try to make this "a home away from home" for the boys.

How many people are in your employ?

About 300 at the present time.

SECOND QUARTER



Please explain how your business operates. By that I mean, What do the Smileys do?

There are two senior partners, Francis and Albert, who are active. My brother Dan cares for the grounds, maintenance, and mechanical work. Gerow, my cousin, is in charge of personnel and the farms. I have the responsibility of several departments of the resort and gardens.

Which one of the founders was your father?

My father was Albert K. My great uncle made the original purchase of the property.

How long has your family been in

the management of Lake Mohonk Mountain House?

Since 1869, when a small acreage on the mountain was bought with the purpose of making a home where my great uncle could entertain his personal friends and where they could come apart from their business duties in New York, Philadelphia, and elsewhere.

Coming directly to the point, we understand there is an official policy against the use of alcoholic beverages in or at the house. Is this true?

Yes, no liquor is served in public, in the dining room, or anywhere on the grounds. We do not prevent guests from bringing their own to their rooms. That, of course, is their own business.

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How long has this policy been in force?

Since its founding in 1869 Mohonk House has not served or sold alcoholic beverages. This includes beer, wine, and spirits. John Stokes, the previous owner, said, "You can't run a hotel without a bar," but we have proved otherwise. From the beginning our house has done a good business.

What is the personal attitude of the Smiley family toward this policy concerning drinking?

The Smileys are in complete personal accord with this policy.

Have you any trouble keeping these restrictions in force?

Occasionally a person will give us trouble, and naturally the fact that we do not serve liquor rules out certain groups. We do have some face-to-face problems with drinking among our employees.

Do you contemplate any change in this policy?

As long as there are enough people who want to come to this kind of place, so that we can make a living, we expect to continue.

So you feel that the policy is a wise one from purely a business standpoint?

The fact that increasingly large numbers of people want to come here is comment enough.

Why, in your mind, does drink seem so attractive to such a large number of people today?

I think that one of the major reasons people drink is that they look on drinking as a kind of release from the tensions of life.

We all recognize that many difficult problems have arisen in our nation because of drink. Do you, as a businessman, have convictions as to what can be done to solve these?

One of the best ways to combat this great evil is to substitute activities that are enjoyable and wholesome. Here on the mountain we have, for example, horseback riding, tennis, boating, softball, golf, swimming, bowling on the lawn, croquet, shuffleboard, water sports, picnics, nature walks, cave exploring, fireworks on the Fourth of July, fishing, carriage riding; and, in the winter, ice skating, tobogganing, skiing, coasting, sleigh riding, and snowshoeing.

May we ask frankly, Has pressure been brought to bear upon the management to change the no-drinking policy?

Yes, from time to time it has, but we reply that this is the policy we prefer. By and large, people respect our position because they know we have made it work.

Flying across country one day, I saw a beautiful outlay of splendid buildings and well-kept grounds, and asked myself,

What Is Made There?

Louis Arnold

THE purple haze of Indian summer hung over the landscape and extended like a great circle of smoke around the horizon. Autumn leaves had put on their gaudy paint, making the landscape strangely beautiful. As I looked down upon the checkerboard pattern of farms and fields, watched the hills and valleys slip by, and marked the serpentine curves of the river below, I suddenly saw a beautiful outlay of splendid buildings and well-kept grounds. From the air I could tell it was a good-sized factory.

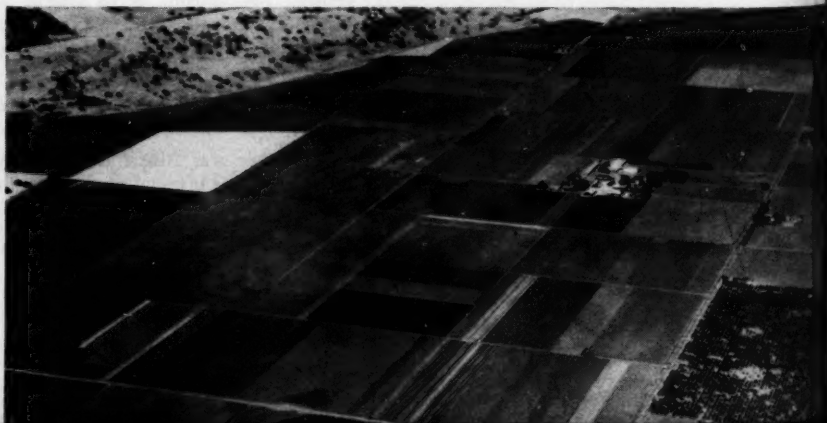
"What is made there?" The question popped into my mind. Then as I looked more closely, I realized that this plant was a large distillery.

After that it did not take long to answer my own question. Made there are weak-willed, bleary-eyed, bloated-faced, foul-breathed men who are no longer fit to be called "husband" or "daddy;" nightmares that haunt their victims in the form of delirium tremens, broken hearts, divorces, and orphaned children; poverty, suffering, and sorrow; troubles, distress, and disaster; murder, larceny, kidnappings, adultery, and rape; wrecked automobiles, broken bodies, sickness, disease, and insanity.

Surely never was there such an attractive plant that made its business the manufacture of so many diverse forms of human woe and misery. Surely no other factory could make such wares and still prosper.

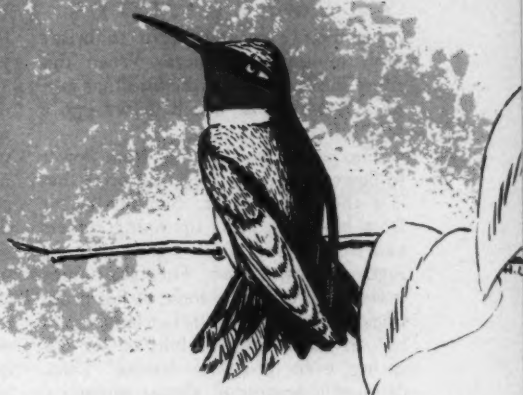
The plane passed over the factory, and I looked down upon the farm lands with large, roomy houses and well-kept barns. Again I thought: "These are the people who voted, the people who made possible the legislation, to allow such a factory to operate in our country; the people who have sown; the people who must reap, because the products of this factory are not offered upon the market for those who care to buy, but are forced upon those who are the luckless victims of what is made there. Some of these people may have to suffer in the loss and destruction of their children. Again, it may be that they themselves will be maimed and scattered in wreckage along the highway of life."

A question to ponder: What is made there?



Flying Jewels

Blanche Dyer Ballagh



DARTING feathers brushed my hair as I stepped from the porch. They were startling, so sudden and swift; but there she sat on a twig before I could bat an eyelash, the ruby-throated hummingbird nesting in our garden.

A pair of rubythroats had nested there for two years. Their colorful plumage and dramatic gyrations made them royal guests. Their watchful, hovering antics gave proof of their response to human interest and kindness, especially to a feeding bottle of honey and water. A small bottle into which they could insert their bills but not their heads was sufficient, decorated with an orange, yellow, or red ribbon round the neck to make the bottle look like a flower, and tied to a branch in plain view.

The National Audubon Society reports that there are more than seven hundred species of hummingbirds native to the Americas. The greatest variety is found in South America.

To determine the birds' unusual speed, scientists have tried to pace them with an automobile. This leads to the belief that these flying jewels do better than fifty miles an hour in straight flight. Even so the hummer is not the fastest bird known, for the swift, found in Europe, Africa, and India, is much faster, as are some species of wild ducks here in America.

But when it comes to spectacular aerial feats the hummer is the star actor. During mating season the ardent lover gyrates and zooms while his lady-love sits demurely on a twig close by. He will climb up and up out of sight; then he will dive at tremendous speed, flashing his bright colors past her, also singing his song of love, which is a shrill call surprising for this tiny bundle of feathers.

The object of his passion watches with quiet indifference. Even when he pulls out of a power dive near her with such suddenness that it creates a crackling sound, much like that of a jet air-

plane, she sits unmoved. Seemingly to further infuriate him, she flies away.

But she is a real artisan; and her nest, carefully hidden, well supported on a fork of a twig or piece of rope, is a work of art. The nest, usually about an inch and a half in diameter, is woven together with spider webs, and is often a replica of a jewel box with lichen or bud scales woven into it. This little gem is so camouflaged that it becomes identified with its surroundings.

The nest building begins after the rainy season, as early as January in some localities, but more often in February or March, but in colder regions in late summer.

Nature's timing and her law of supply and demand deposit two tiny white eggs in the nest. The female must keep them warm for twelve to fourteen days. Then two ugly, buglike objects come forth from the shells. They are so tiny that it would take an even dozen to fill an ordinary teaspoon; but very shortly, in from five to seven days, they



by
**CLAIRE
SPOFFORD**

SECOND QUARTER

CARES FLY WITH THE BIRDS

Are there days when you would give anything to fly to a haven where you can calm your nerves and find peace of mind? Some seek retreat in smoke-filled cocktail convivia or at chattering canasta parties. Instead, put on your most comfortable pair of old shoes and walk in the garden, where you can watch your bird neighbors and listen to their melody and song.

Few people pay the slightest attention to the songs of birds, yet down through the centuries musicians and writers have been inspired by these songs. Maeterlinck thought so much of the bluebird that he chose it as a symbol of happiness. Homer, Dante, Tennyson, Coleridge, and Wordsworth wrote of birds. Shakespeare mentions birds six hundred times in his dramas.

Listen with "ears that hear," and you will be thrilled by robins caroling at sunset, as clear and celestial as choristers in a great cathedral. At daybreak you will be awakened by the meadow larks and the mockingbirds pouring forth their golden notes to fill the day with the sheer joy of living.

You may go out of doors and begin getting acquainted with the birds today. You will constantly find something to stimulate your interest. Through your friendship with the birds a new door will be opened for which you will be grateful the rest of your life. You will have discovered that close converse with nature is one of the best ways to calm a troubled soul.

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open their eyes and begin to bristle with minute pinfeathers. When this filmy sheath dries off, the birdlings take on a downy fuzz which grows into a colorful feathered coat.

The patient mother flies from flower to flower gathering food, a process that is a chemical wonder. She sips nectar from blossoms, picks up young spiders and insects, and, after digesting them, regurgitates this food. Then she pumps it from her crop into those of her fledglings. She gently inserts her long rapier bill far down into the bills of her offspring, even into their throats. Then, through a process of almost nursing a bottle, the young birds are fed.

The baby hummers stay in the nest about three weeks; then they carefully test their skill and strength by springing into the air directly above their nest. Like tiny helicopters they hover over home base until their wings are strong enough for longer flight. This is accomplished by furiously buzzing their wings between naps.

Too, this colorful intriguing creature wings its way from flower to flower over tremendous distance in its life span, the equivalent of several times around the world. Some traveler! The ruby-throated hummingbird, which is found throughout the Americas, migrates from as far north as Maine to Central and South America.

From a human viewpoint, how these tiny helicopters survive the terrific daily pace is a mystery. For illustration, if the bird sits quietly on a perch, its heart beats 700 times per minute. Scientists, therefore, estimate that flying will accelerate the heart beat of the hummer to 1,400 beats a minute. Living at a faster rate of speed than any other warm-blooded creature requires greater food consumption.

This is the answer to the almost perpetual motion of the hummingbird during the daylight hours, for it must gather food energy against the resting period of the night. It has also been found that during these sleeping periods they sink into a dormant state. Observation of these interesting guests in our gardens will show that in late afternoon they avidly feed either from the blossoms or the feeding vial.

Flying jewels, indeed!

KEEPING AMERICA STRONG

(Continued from page 6)

front page of the newspaper?" This situation is improving. Now young people are finding themselves on the front page of the newspapers for the good things they are doing. If we would but look around, we would see

that there are many such fine things young folks do.

Recently a flurry of so-called juvenile delinquency in our state made the front page of the paper, and copywriters stressed the great percentage of juvenile delinquents. A few days later a report from the state capital indicated that the increase was in numbers, but certainly not in percentage. One young boy who had been reading the papers and who lived next door to the editor said to him one morning, "I see by the paper that the percentage of delinquency hasn't increased, but that there are more people in the state; therefore it only *looks* as if there were more delinquency."

As a result the editor wrote an editorial in which he asked, "What are

HYMNS

William Allen Ward

At dawn the lark and robin sing
Glad hallelujahs for morn to herald;
Majestic hymns to God they bring,
As silver sunbeams are unfurled.
A lowly cricket beats its cymbal
Praising God from nature's hymnal.

the things that these children are doing, anyway?" The answer for the most part the same things their parents are doing. If all adults—parents, friends, and relatives—were considered delinquent for doing the same things these young people are doing, probably a large percentage of adults would be so classified. This situation points up our community and adult responsibility.

With these problems facing us, I am sure we recognize that we have much to do of a constructive nature. When we have forty or fifty children in a classroom, as we do in many areas, and have them in school only half a day, we are not fully living up to our commitment to the educational system of this country. Because they are young, red-blooded Americans, and have pep and enthusiasm, they need their energies directed and their creative urges developed. They must have outdoor education, recreation, community service projects, and it is our responsibility to see that these opportunities are provided. If we don't, then we will reap the reward of having to build larger institutions for more juvenile delinquents; and that cannot be regarded as good business or good education.

We have been in an educational revolution since 1900. Less than one in ten children of high-school age was in high school in 1900. Today four out of five children of high-school age are in high

school. In 1900 one out of twenty-five, ages eighteen to twenty-one, was in college, but today one out of four of these is in college. The fact that there are more young people in school makes a different kind of society.

This whole process is going on right now. In the State of Washington since 1945 there has been a 71 per cent increase in children up to fourteen; in California, 91 per cent; in Oregon, 72 per cent. This tremendous increase poses some problems that may not affect other parts of the country. When that many additional children are entering school, more schools must be built, more teachers hired, more materials developed.

We wouldn't turn out the good automobiles we do today if we did not have adequate factories, skilled workmen, and up-to-date machinery. Yet here are these human beings who travel their road but once, who have only one chance to obtain the development needed for them to become strong, productive individuals. Are we going to be strong enough to do this work for young people?

Furthermore, are we investing all that we might in such education? Perhaps the percentages for the nation are about the same, but these are the figures for the State of Washington. In 1951 we spent \$95,000,000 for all elementary and secondary schools. For beer, wine, and hard liquor we spent \$154,000,000. We spent \$41,000,000 for amusements and \$45,000,000 for cigarettes. Some people in Washington say we cannot spend any more money for education, that we've spent all that we can, that we can't tax any more on the local level or the state level for education. Fortunately the majority do not agree with that point of view.

It is important to spend more money for education, for unless we develop strong character in our young people, with moral and spiritual principles, we are likely to lose our freedom. This system of education is our bulwark of protection. We have a real commitment to see that it is kept strong and that we remain free. This is a basic part of the American way.

We must build all three legs of our tripod strong, and keep them strong. In addition, we must be strong within. That strength is in every community across our nation.

These communities, with their men and women of good will and purpose in their moral and spiritual commitments, recall to me the story of the little girl who lived with her parents in Canada in the wheat country. At harvesttime, when the wheat was high,

Apologize—Who?

United States
Army Medical
Corps, United
States Army
Hospital, Berlin

Albert W. Olson, Captain



she went out to play in the field and became lost. Her mother and father looked everywhere for her, but they couldn't find her. Finally they decided to call in the ranch hands, and they all went out to search, each going his separate way; but none of them could find her. The father brought in the people from the village, and they all went through the wheat fields, each going his separate way, trying to find her.

Then someone said, "Let's join hands and go through the field." This they did, a band of people covering every inch of ground. Finally they came upon the body of the little girl. The father picked her up and, holding her in his arms, looked up and said, "Dear God, why didn't we join hands sooner?"

This story has meaning for us. Let us join hands to keep America strong, to help each individual human being to develop to his full capacity. Let us keep strong homes, let us keep strong churches, let us keep strong schools. Banded together, we can win this battle; we can remain the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"PLUS" WAY OF LIFE

(Continued from page 10)

members of the class asked me to intervene on his behalf in Municipal Court, where drunkenness cases are handled, I naturally refused. As a judge I could not and would not interfere in the affairs of another court.

I suggested to the other men in the class that they could help him solve his drinking problem. These men went all out in their efforts to aid their unfortunate friend, and he was saved from the terrors of alcoholism. Today he is a solid pillar in the class.

I have not had much firsthand experience with juvenile delinquency cases, but I note with increasing alarm that many authorities are crediting the use of alcohol with being one of the basic reasons for the sharp rise in the number of American teen-agers led astray each year.

Our court handles a large number of divorce and domestic relations cases. Many of these involve pitiful legal squabbles where wife accuses husband and husband accuses wife. There is no doubt that drunkenness is a primary source of trouble in a great many of these domestic problems aired in court.

In these matters, too, the creation of a PLUS program in all phases of American life will do much toward disintegrating the evils attendant to the drink problem in devastation of life, property, home, and youth.

SECOND QUARTER

Not many months ago I was one of sixty-eight medical doctors and dentists assigned to the European theater by the Army Surgeon General's office. The first month we were all stationed in southern Germany in the beautiful Bavarian Alps. Besides our group there were more than five hundred enlisted men who were being trained in the Medical Corps.

About fifty kilometers away was the fabulous castle built in the last century by King Ludwig of Bavaria in an ecstatic and lavish extravaganza that bankrupted the entire country.

On one floor of this Herrenchiemsee Castle, more than four thousand candles set in elaborate hand-cut crystal chandeliers and candelabras reflect in hundreds of crystal mirrors. In the Hall of Mirrors thirty-two huge cut-crystal chandeliers and forty-five similar candelabras double and treble in the four hundred crystal mirrors on the one wall forming arches symmetrical with the windows on the opposite wall.

On Saturday evening we were told that there would be a castle illumination—it takes sixty people thirty minutes to light the four thousand candles—with a Haydn and Mozart string quartet chamber music concert. The Army offered to take us free if there were ten or more of us.

Of the more than five hundred enlisted men—sixty-eight dentists and doctors, and the permanent officers and faculty—the trip was almost canceled. At the last moment, however, we made the quota—nine officers and two enlisted men out of six hundred!

Why?

There was a cocktail party at the officers' club with free cocktails and beer to the newly arrived medical officers! There was a movie for the enlisted men. Imagine, travel all the way to Europe to choose the free beer and cocktails!

Not long afterward four doctors billeted next to me, two of them psychiatrists trained in outstanding medical centers in the East and England. These four doctors returned in the early morning hours literally turning somersaults and standing on their heads, boasting that the four of them had drunk five liters of wine! One took violently ill and checked in sick leave the next day when we went out on maneuvers. Europeans may sit a whole evening over a small glass of wine, drinking a little now and then with their dinner. Little wonder they are amazed when they see four American doctors order five liters, and drink it all down!

After a month, when we received our permanent assignments, it was suggested that we give a farewell cocktail party for the faculty and permanent officers. I knew the committee would be coming around to collect from each one.

Since I do not drink, what should I do? Give my money and say nothing.



or apologize for not attending the party?

They came to collect. Apologize—who? I simply said that I did not drink, and really didn't feel I should be buying drinks for others. *They* apologized for asking me.

At the end of this first month in Europe, en route to our permanent assignments, several of us spent the night in Munich at the officers' hotel. Three drunk doctors came in late and drank black coffee trying to sober up before retiring. The next morning there were only two, for one of them could not be found.

The two remaining doctors called the military police, for the three had orders to take a morning train. The attendant at the hotel desk then remembered having seen two soldiers carrying someone they had picked up off the street during the night. Not knowing the identity, the hotel attendant had suggested they carry him to an empty room.

Apologize—who?

My assignment took me to Berlin, a hundred miles behind the Iron Curtain. Our patients include State Department and embassy personnel from

Warsaw and Moscow, as well as Army and State Department men from Berlin.

During the Big Four meetings there was consternation in the Allied Control Authorities' Building, said one news reporter.

Why?

During an intermission John Foster Dulles had asked for fresh orange juice instead of brandy, vodka, and what-have-you. The reception committee had not figured on that. Apologizing profusely, they soon scurried out to buy oranges.

Our embassy in Moscow not long ago had some top priority documents—extremely important papers, so important they were sent by special courier to Washington. This messenger flew to the States with these documents, but stopped near the airport to "have a beer." The last he remembered he placed the package of documents between his feet. He became drunk and spent the night in a nearby hotel. The next day when he sobered up, he remembered the package—which was gone.

Apologize? No, indeed; there is no

apology due for not drinking. More than 35,000,000 in the United States need make no apology for not drinking.

In evaluating personality, character, and scholarship the medical schools and the medical profession are probably the most particular in screening their applicants. In one medical school there were several thousand applicants, of which only about a hundred were chosen.

It is claimed that if the personality is adequate, social drinking is not detrimental and will not be carried to extreme. If even medical doctors and dentists do not have the "adequate" personality to drink socially, but are carried to the extremes of drunkenness,—even literally ending in the gutter,—we may all well agree with Senator Robert Kerr of Oklahoma as he "startles Washington cocktail parties with such pronouncements as this: 'Alcohol has cost more money, destroyed more property, killed more people, and created more ill-health and human suffering than all of the wars in the entire history of the human race.'"—*Newsweek*, May 24, 1954.

A HIT Without a Hang-Over

R. K.
KENT

MANY hosts and hostesses accustomed to cocktail parties would like to give a party that is different, something sensational, a real "hit." Why not, then, try giving a nonalcoholic party for a change?

Don't tell the guests, of course, or they might not come. When they arrive, tell them you couldn't afford liquor this time. If they want to argue, remind them that someone is busy compiling statistics that prove that people drink too much. Quote them impressive figures. In any event, stick by your guns.

Some of the guests may think up excuses to leave; others may leave without an excuse. Oh, well, they aren't very good friends anyway. They just come to drink up *your* liquor. The good scouts will stick, if only for the novelty.

Get the evening on its way by discussing politics, the weather, or the high cost of food. For once the discussion can continue along sane lines. People will be surprised to learn that others actually know something, that they have ideas of their own. The discussion may

be loud and long, but it will be friendly, and no one will say something he has to regret in the dark awakening of the next morning.

Since everyone will stay in the living room instead of wandering from room to room and to the kitchen to fill glasses, it might be in order to suggest a few active games. There will be fun and keen rivalry, but at no time will the smoke be so thick that one can't recognize his partner. No one will get sick or go to sleep under the table. No one will be found on the porch with the wrong husband. No one will turn the radio too high, or sing loud and bawdy songs, or fiddle with the TV until he breaks it.

When it comes time to serve, bring on the hot drink and hearty sandwiches, a salad or a hot dish, and plenty of cake. Appetites will be sharpened by waiting instead of being dulled by drinking, so everyone will appreciate eating. There will be no throwing of olives across the room and no potato chips crunched into the new carpet. No one will mess the food around with a fork and then leave it there to waste.

Everyone will eat himself into a dreamy lethargy, and the remainder of the evening will be spent in pleasant small talk.

When it is time to go home, all couples will be accounted for, and they will leave together. No one will have to be dug from a corner and poured into a taxi; no one will stop on the steps and serenade the neighbors. When everyone has gone, the pillows will be in place instead of having their stuffings loose from being used as footballs. There will be no disfiguring rings on the tables, no cigarette holes in the upholstery, no broken china or glassware strewn over the living room. It won't be necessary to hunt for the silverware beneath the piano nor to pick potato salad and cake frosting from the rugs.

On the morning after, the phone will ring as usual after other parties. However, everyone will remember what happened the night before. No one will accuse you of anything, or ask what happened to her husband. All will compliment you on the wonderful time, and really mean it.

POEMS WITH A PURPOSE

"DADDY, I PRAYED ALL NIGHT FOR YOU"

Bertha Boles

I was a drunkard, censured and blamed
For revelry and drink that would last
the night through,
When my little girl, whom oft I had shamed,
Said, "Daddy, I prayed all night for you."

I walked and walked both night and day;
In my miserable soul no peace could renew.
Wherever I went I could hear her say,
"Daddy, I prayed all night for you."

Invited to church by a friend, I went
For a change of scene, a different place;
I found strange joy in the songs that lent
New hope to my heart of saving grace.

What peace was mine, what joy in my soul,
When at last I turned from the path I had trod!
From my heart I felt the burdens roll;
I had found my Saviour, I had found my God.

HABIT

Ida Fasel

I fought a cold war with myself
Against a habit, and, to please
My pride, I carried reason's gun—
My strategy was to appease.

I fired common sense instead
Of bullets, for my plan was not
The brutishness of force of arms,
But polished premises of thought.

And endlessly the war would have
Been fought with words and argument.
And habit have the upper hand
In a campaign so impotent,

Had I not broken clean with it
Out of a desperate desire
For victory, declared all-out
War, and met its fight with true fire.

LITTLE THINGS

Frederick D. Brewer

A little star can guide a ship
Across the boundless deep;
A little seed, a little sun,
And countless millions reap.

A little smile, a little cheer,
A little loving care,
And tears are gone and laughter reigns
Where once was deep despair.

A little kindly touch can soothe
And ease away the pain,
And help some tired, beaten heart
Take hope and live again.

A little love, a little faith,
Will smooth the roughest way,
And little acts of kindness bless
Someone, somewhere, each day.

Each little kindly deed will live
Throughout the coming years,
To bless the lives of all we meet
With smiles instead of tears.

FURROWS STRAIGHT AND TRUE

Bessie Gladding

I remember hearing my grandfather say
That to plow a furrow straight,
You must fix your eyes on a distant point
And walk at an even gait.

But it took our new power lawn mower
To make his wisdom mine;
For I found if I didn't look far ahead,
Each swath made a crooked line.

Now I realize why my grandfather's life
Was like a furrow true:
As a boy he fixed his eyes on God
And walked toward Him his whole life through.

PAGEANTRY

Clara Ross Baxter

I like to watch the early dawn
Put on its morning dress,
And see the rainbow colors fade
To soft white nothingness.

Then when the day is old and tired
And slips away to rest,
I like to watch the evening spread
Its colors in the west.

When moon and stars take up their watch
To guard the silent night,
I lay me down to sleep in peace
Till God sends morning light.

COMFORT OF THE BIBLE

Emily May Young

Each chapter here has met some varied need,
Throughout the stretch of rushing, growing years,
And always, always, when I have to plead
To God for comfort, in the Book appears
Relief for my sorrow, fresh as a spring,
A thought for my joy. Some lines are stays—
Each verse has caused my yearning heart to sing
In diverse rhythmic beats down shining ways.

This very hour the words all live and glow,
Every message filled with heavenly grace.
Each fits a crying want, and this I know:
God's timeless love has always kept sweet pace
Throughout this whole inspired Holy Writ,
May He be praised for every word of it.

NIGHT-CLUB AFFAIR

Louise Hajek

Unetched faces, alien to fear,
Sense no hidden danger here.
Fingers touch and young eyes meet
As thigh meets thigh in the urging beat
Of rhythm created to spur the flood
And break the dam of the eager blood.
Perception blurs as the warm hours pass
In the spurious glow of the lifted glass;
And truth is a lie and a lie is truth
In the opiate air of the rose-lit booth.

THINK TWICE

Terrell Parker

"When I behold a daisy,"
Said a rosebud in its pride,
"I feel a sense of pity,
Yet I'm thankful deep inside."

A full-blown rose made answer:
"Friend, think twice before you scorn;
Though not so blessed with beauty,
Daisies never have a thorn."

MARIJUANA

(Continued from page 8)

its effects on addicts, there are two schools of thought. One believes that marijuana incites the majority of users to crime, that smoking it frequently leads to insanity, and that it stimulates most persons to sexual vigor and even violence. The other group believes that only a potential criminal commits crimes under the influence of marijuana, and that a normal person will not be so incited. It does not consider marijuana to be a contributing factor in permanent mental derangement, or that it has an appreciable influence on sex drives in most cases.

Is there any actual relationship between crime and marijuana? In the first place, it is a violation of the law to possess, grow, sell, or give away marijuana. Therefore merely having the drug in one's possession is a crime or felony, unless it is being used for experiments by an authorized researcher.

A person is technically a criminal when he smokes reefers. In addition, he is dealing with other violators of the law when using it. The association can have serious consequences for the novice, bringing about a gradual moral breakdown, disintegration of personality, and general antisocial attitudes. This is not the invariable rule, but one of the pitfalls encountered.

Bill, whom I had known for several years, was an accountant, mild-mannered, studious, and reserved. I was surprised to meet him one evening at a reefer pad, smoking marijuana. He told me that he had smoked it only twice before.

The girl who had come to the party with Bill was dancing with a man named Derek. The fellow sitting beside Bill was heckling him about Derek's taking his girl away from him. Bill didn't say anything, but his companion went on with it.

"Why don't you be a man?" he jeered. "Assert yourself! Show that guy he can't steal your girl."

Suddenly Bill was on his feet, walking toward the dancing pair. Within a matter of seconds the two men were swinging at each other. Derek's right connected with Bill's jaw, and he crashed to the floor, overturning a table holding food and bottles. Bill described it later, "Something exploded in my brain. I really didn't know what I was doing."

Bill's hand curled around a broken bottle, and the next moment a piercing scream came from Mary's throat. Bill had thrown the broken bottle at Derek, but it struck the girl with tremendous

impact, slashing her face and neck.

Under ordinary circumstances, there was nothing in Bill's make-up to indicate this kind of behavior; but with restraints lifted by the action of marijuana, and acting on suggestion, he behaved in a stupid, unreasoning manner that caused irreparable damage.

Bill never smoked another reefer, but he carries with him scars as deep as those that still mark the face of a girl he never dreamed he could harm.

It is misleading to assume only a certain kind of person can become violent under the influence of marijuana. When we introduce into our system a poison that lifts restraints, releases inhibitions, and causes even a temporary mental disturbance, anything can, and too frequently does, happen.

YOU HAVE NO ENEMIES?

You have no enemies, you say?

Alas! my friend, your boast is poor;

He who has mingled in the fray

Of hardships that life must endure,

Must have made enemies. If you have none,

Small is the work that you have done.

You've never turned wrong into right;

You've been a coward in the fight.

—Anonymous.

Marijuana is an intoxicant, with peculiar features unlike any other drug. It is as definite a weapon in the system as a gun would be in the hand. It is not at all right to inform people that if they are fairly normal they can smoke marijuana without harmful results. You do not know whether that is true; I do not know it; the greatest expert in the world does not know it. I have seen too many cases of normal, decent, right-thinking persons turned, in one soul-shattering second, into destructive, unreasoning creatures by taking marijuana.

One pound of unmanicured marijuana in Mexico sells for as little as \$10. Transported to the United States, manicured, and rolled into cigarettes, it will sell for as much as from \$1,500 to \$2,000. With such tremendous profit gained by those in the business of ruining lives, it is clear why any time a person decides to become a "sucker" by experimenting with marijuana, he will pay the price, while peddlers in death and destruction reap the profit.

Marijuana itself is a savage assassin, ready to maim and ruthlessly kill its victims. Those who trade in it might well be described by Webster's definition of the word which is taken from

"hashish," first cousin of marijuana: "Assassin: One who kills by surprise or by secret or treacherous assault; esp., a hired or appointed murderer."

Coming Next Issue: Second in *Listen's* series on the drugs of death, vividly outlining the tragic physical results of the use of marijuana, under the title, "Marijuana—Caught in the Web."

DEAD-END VIOLENCE

(Continued from page 26)

Parr sat up in his bed when Sherman entered his room. There was a bandage over his left eye. His left hand was also bandaged.

"Hello, Mr. Sherman. I hope Ken's all right. Jim, Stan, and I were lucky. I still don't understand how it happened."

"It was an accident," said Sherman, "something you can't help or explain."

"I don't know. I've driven there hundreds, thousands of times. Marquette dead-ends on Highway 44. Yet I didn't see the stop sign. I kept right on going—across the highway. My right foot felt sort of heavy, and before I lifted it to the brake pedal, the bus was on top of us. Do you think it might have been that second can of beer that slowed me up, Mr. Sherman?"

"Second can?" Sherman's voice frightened Parr.

"Yes, sir. Ken doesn't drink. I drank his beer after I drank my can."

Sherman hurried out of the hospital. He had to do something! The violence he felt against himself had to erupt in some violent even though futile act, in some expression of dead-end violence.

Nora was awakened by a loud commotion in the kitchen. There she found Royce, acting like one suddenly bereft of his reason. All the beer, bottled and canned, was out of the refrigerator, and in the sink, along with the bottles of brandy and wine he had snatched out of a cabinet nearby.

These cans and bottles Sherman was pounding with a claw hammer. With each violent stroke, glass cracked and splintered and the liquor sprayed and splashed. His face and hands were bleeding from the glass that exploded under the hammer blows, but he continued to pound until he reeled with the exhaustion of his dead-end violence.

"Royce, Royce, what's come over you? Royce!"

Royce Sherman was breathing heavily.

"That was no accident!" he gasped. "That was no accident!"

But Ken Jansen was dead.

We

REPEAT REPEAT REPEAT

WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING:

● Smoking Leads to Drinking

"Many alcoholic patients in whom the attacks seem to be without exciting cause, if questioned closely, are found to be great tobacco smokers, and the cause of that outbreak is really a recurrent poisoning by tobacco. Usually the history is that they smoke, especially the cigarette smokers, incessantly and to excess. This finally makes them nervous. Then they smoke more to quiet their nervousness until finally they seek another narcotic to quiet them. Then they naturally turn to alcohol."—Sir William Osler, famed Canadian physician.

● Bootlegging Bothers the Industry

"During the past five years, Federal still seizures have increased from 7,551 in 1948 to 10,530 in 1953. Our surveys have shown that for every still seized by Federal agents, one more is seized by state or local authorities, which means that in 1953 there were some 20,000 seizures. If we assume that for every still seized one more goes undetected, there were

approximately 40,000 stills operating throughout the country. If this trend continues at the same rate, by 1958 there will be 56,504 stills operating in the United States.

"On the basis of last year's seizures, it is conservatively estimated that 68,000,000 gallons of moonshine were produced. If the future rate of production keeps pace with the esti-

mated increase in stills, in 1958 we can expect the nation to be flooded by 96,000,000 gallons of moonshine a year."—R. E. Joyce, vice-president, National Distillers' Products Corporation.

Where are the promises made by the industry that if prohibition were voted out there would be no more bootlegging?

ROCKY'S MILK BAR

"Marciano is a pillar of vitamins, an ogre of clean living. He is built like Vesuvius, but, unlike Vesuvius, he doesn't smoke. . . .

"A time will come when this avalanche of rectitude, having reached the foot of the hill, will retire; and it's interesting to know that when he does so, he will open a bar. . . .

"The mystery was cleared up for your correspondent last winter by Frank Leahy, former Notre Dame football coach. Frank is now doing public relations work; and one of his accounts is Rocco Marciano, Inc.

"Rocky's bar, when he reaches that stage in life, will be a beautiful thing," Mr. Leahy said. His voice sank to a murmur, and his eyes shone with tenderness, as he added, "It will be a milk bar."—John Lardner, in "Newsweek."

● Drink of Distinction

"In competition with coffee, beer, soft drinks, whisky, tea, cocoa, fruit juices, and wine since the war, milk has been holding its own. In 1952, milk consumption in relation to all alcoholic beverages was the highest in eight years."—Survey by Cornell University, reported in *Christian Science Monitor*.

● Moderation the Beginning

"Skid row is the end of many a 'Man of distinction.' Drinking in moderation is not the solution of the drink problem; it is the main cause of it. The large group of problem drinkers comes only from the moderate drinking ranks."—Dr. A. C. Ivy.

Here's Where the Money Goes!

Expenditures for beverage alcohol during the year 1952, according to Government estimate, totaled \$9,715,000,000. To this must be added \$971,000,000 expended for illegal beverage alcohol, a combined total of \$10,686,000,000.

This
amount
is for
that
year—

4.9 per cent of every dollar Americans personally expended.
4.5 per cent of personal disposable income.
63.3 per cent of all personal savings.
\$1,000,000,000 more than was spent for all medical care—doctors, hospitals, medicines.
\$2,500,000,000 more than for all new- and used-car purchases.
5 times the investment in religious and welfare organizations.
9 times as much as was given to churches.
One half the total for gasoline and oil.
3 times as much as was spent for shoes.
As much as was spent for furniture, household appliances, etc.
\$1,000,000,000 more than the total fuel and utility bill.
\$1,000,000,000 more than was spent on all rentals—house, hotel, club, school.
3 times the total life-insurance investment.
\$1,000,000,000 more than all formal sports and recreation.
\$2,000,000,000 more than informal recreation—books, music, hobbies, etc.

His more than forty years in a variety of top teaching and executive posts have made Dr. Oliver Cromwell Carmichael's name one of the most honored in education.

The University of Alabama, from which he received three degrees, culminating in his LL.D. in 1937, welcomed him back as its president in 1933. For nine years he served as president of Alabama College before becoming dean at Vanderbilt, then vice-chancellor, and finally chancellor from 1937 to 1946. From there he went to New York State University, where he was chairman of the Board of Trustees. He also was president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

Through the years seventeen different schools have awarded him honorary doctorate degrees. He holds thirteen LL.D.'s. His greatest achievement, however, lies not in these positions and honors, but in his astute and masterly guidance of the thousands who have been in his classrooms and on his campuses.

DR. OLIVER CROMWELL CARMICHAEL

From long association with students in colleges and universities, I am convinced that the best course to follow is to stay away from alcoholic beverages.

Also I have never personally and associated with leading professional and businessmen in any town, but I have never found drinking of alcoholic beverages necessary or wise.

O. Carmichael

PRESIDENT, UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA



